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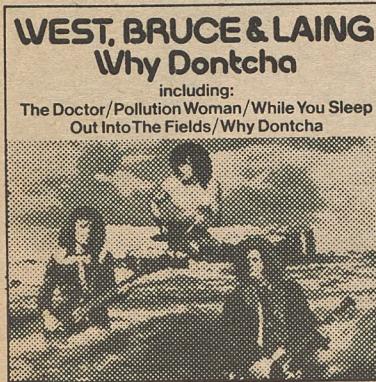
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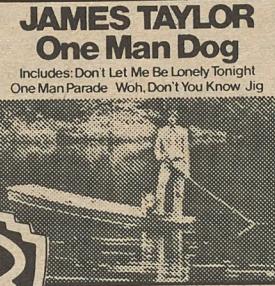


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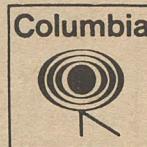
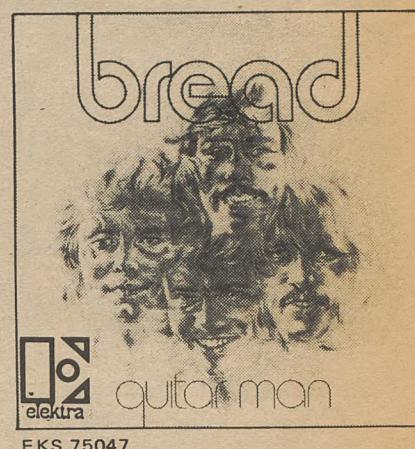
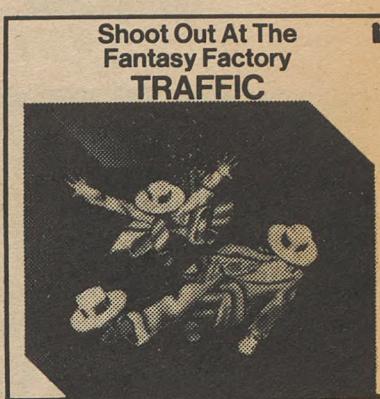
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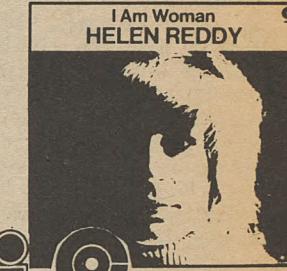
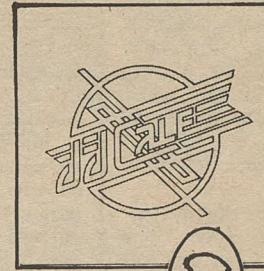
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TAPES

Nitty Gritty Dirt Band: Uncle Charlie Told Me So

PART II



Recording Session for *Will The Circle Be Unbroken*.

By RICHARD HARRINGTON

The Masterpiece is a three-record set titled **WILL THE CIRCLE BE UNBROKEN**. It is a set of acoustic songs and instrumentals from a temporarily-brought-together family including (besides the Dirt Band), Earl Scruggs, Doc Watson, Merle Travis, Mother Maybelle Carter, Vassar Clements, Junior Huskey, Norman Blake, Jimmie Martin and Roy Acuff.

How it came about is an incredible and complicated story in itself. John McEuen starts it off: "After meeting Earl Scruggs and playing and talking with him, I asked him if he'd consider recording an album with me, and he said, 'Sure, I'd be glad to pick with you, John.' So I immediately called the doctor to get me out of my coma, 'cause I had so much respect. I almost felt bad asking, 'cause I felt he'd have to try to find a way to say 'no' without embarrassing me. A week later, I met Doc Watson and played with him at a little club in L.A. and found out Merle (Watson) was a fan of ours. I was with Randy Scruggs at Clarence White's house, and we went down to see Doc, and that's how I got to play with Doc. Randy says, 'Here's a friend of mine, plays the banjo,' so it was a cool way to sneak in the back door. A week after that, Doc was in Colorado and I asked him the same question. He wasn't quite sure what we did, but Merle knew, so I had him talk to my brother. That's when Bill took over as far as the idea goes."

Earl Scruggs remembers it slightly differently, but the result is the same: "For many years, I've wanted to broaden the span of the banjo into other fields. The way to do it was mainly with younger groups. The Dirt Band and my Revue were both in Boulder for several days at different clubs. After the performance each night, John McEuen and two or three of the others would come to our motel room and we'd sit around, pick, talk, swap ideas and whatnot. About four in the morning, I said to John, 'I'd like to do some recording with you.' He said, 'You're kidding.' and I had to tell him 'I don't kid about music.' Then I laughed and said that I did kid around with music, but that seriously I'd like to do some recording. I realized there would be some technical problems (with record companies). The way it turned out, it was a swap-out deal between me and the Dirt Band — four major (or lead) tunes and about four what you call 'stand-in' or back-up tunes."

The Dirt Band's part of the bargain was fulfilled at the same Nashville sessions, and can be heard on Earl's [With] **A LITTLE HELP FROM MY FRIENDS** album on Columbia.

With Earl and Doc committed, Bill McEuen started looking for other country greats and wound up working closely with Earl. "Earl's contribution is far beyond anybody's. It would never have happened without his belief in the idea, and his assistance in Nashville with people who didn't want to do it, like Acuff, who initially was very sensitive about it. Earl really helped create a mood of integrity around the project. He was somebody we could count on emotionally, musically in every way to keep things right."

Earl suggested using Vassar Clements on fiddle, and originally "Josh Graves on dobro. I called Josh, who at the time was working with Lester Flatt, and told him what was going on. Josh said that he wasn't allowed to record on the side because Lester would not permit him to do it. So we used Norman Blake.

"I knew how versatile Vassar was and Junior Huskey on bass. Everyone else, like Mother Maybelle and Merle, was a pro in their own right, and with the help of the Dirt Band (they're all pros, as you well know), we breezed right through the whole situation."

Choosing Nashville as the recording site was never even a question. What about the songs? A lot of the time, the material chose itself as favored by the artists, who might often be the composer, too. Occasionally, there were contractual problems, as with Earl. "In the contract, if you record a song, say 'Foggy Mountain Special' on Columbia, and leave Columbia or record for another label; I can't record it for a period of five years. So I had to be careful not to violate my contract in that respect. I tried to offer the best that I could." But he couldn't use songs he'd recorded in the last five years, songs he intended to record, or songs already in the can and awaiting release.

Bill McEuen made an early decision to record on two track, with the mixing being done live. Maybe the same feeling could have been achieved on 4, 8, or 16 tracks with overdubbing, but it would have had to be pushed more — with people coming in and hearing what had been done, then trying to get in the track. But two-track captured the dynamics of the musicians while they were playing, for the dynamics were in the players and not in the arrangements. It's the same principal on which much classical music is recorded, or the albums of Ravi Shankar. When you hear those instruments rushing out on the breaks, you get an incredible feeling of it being clean — no tape noise, no distortions. The original tapes are even cleaner than the records, because the process of transferring to wax breaks the purity ever so slightly.

Without meaning to detract any, I asked Bill McEuen for the real, low-down truth on why he made the album. "You really want to know? It was to give the band the credibility I always thought they deserved. They've always been side-stepped in their musical abilities by reviewers and especially East Coast—New York people. They were discounted and it really upset me, because they were killing people on stage. From the first day they walked on a stage, they were great. Just because they weren't on record wasn't their fault. It was also something I wanted to do for myself, because I love all those artists we put in there and I didn't want the Dirt Band to have to say, 'But in the history of their recording, they never did anything important.' No one can put this down. They can't criticize. It's beyond criticism. You can't criticize the people that play on that album, and the fact that they support those people so well musically — it's just nothing you can compare

Grand Funk. You can't sit there and pick it apart and make intellectual, bullshit judgments that we always find ourselves up against. If someone does, we know in our hearts that they're wrong. If Doc and Earl and Maybelle like it, then it's right. And they love it. Luckily, no one is criticizing it.

"Another reason was to bring these people together, who had so influenced us, and record them correctly, which we always felt had been overlooked. All those people, at different times, have been manipulated and pushed around like we were. They all talked about disappointment with their records. I wanted to put something together to give the artist a chance to fulfill their highest level of musical integrity. I think we did it as near as could be done for a while."

John adds that "... it was to show we didn't waste our time in listening to those people. We were going to try and give them something back for all they gave us. The UA President knew that some of the recording was done without permission from Columbia. Capitol said 'Merle Travis? Nobody knows who he is, anyway. ... a has-been.' We couldn't believe that."

The sessions lasted ten days and though some of the Dirt Band was apprehensive, it became one hell of an event. "I was a little hesitant. I didn't know what we could contribute," says Jeff. "I knew what Johnny could, but when I had it explained that it would be like a session, rather than us doing an album, I understood it and started really getting into the idea."

Bill McEuen makes a point of mentioning an act of faith. "Mike Stewart at UA luckily had the sensitivity to give me total freedom. Once he gave me approval to do it, he didn't even want to hear about it. He said, 'When it's done, give it to me. I'll show it to people.' That is one thing about UA. It goes back to their early days, with the philosophy, when it was Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin and Douglas Fairbanks who formed the company as United Artists in charge of their own product. And even though they're owned by a big company (Transamerica), when they sign you to do a project, they try to retain that same philosophy — 'If we signed you, you must know what you're doing.' If you don't blow it, and you're eventually destroyed anyway. They don't try to hold you down. When Mike heard the stuff, he said, 'The only way it can be is if we put it all out. It's a documentary. We can't say 'This is the best part of it.' We only deleted one song on the whole session; that was 'Foggy Mountain Breakdown.' We tried it, but it didn't happen, so why put it out. One song out of 38. Everything was recorded live, mixed live, in at most four takes, often two, sometimes one."

"It's a totally fantastic surprise for the record company, cause they thought, 'Ah, we'll sell one to every college. Put it in the library.' Now the rock stations are into it. It's nice, 'cause it's building in the progressive market of FM rock stations. It's an alternative to hard rock."

"Also, it was partly made for the country



Vassar Clements

PHOTO: Patty Pearson

music stations that aren't playing country music. They play Loretta Lynn and Bobby Goldsboro — that's not country music, that's Nashville Pop. The Nashville Brass and The Nashville Strings are so far from the roots and backbone of country music that it makes me ill that they're afraid to play Hank Williams as he was in 1948 instead of Mike Curb's version (where MGM overdubbed strings on all the old masters). I just wanted to make country people remember.

"The year and a half (between recording and release) was spent equalizing the two-track tape (which I had to get into very heavily since I couldn't remix it), art work and packaging. We spent \$8,000 on color separations where they usually spend \$750. It's absurd in one sense and it's the reason it's making it in another. It's a complete idea that is followed through." The package is easily the most engaging since Bangla Desh, almost worthy of being separated and framed. It is one added dimension to the album.

Each person has his particularly favorite memory of the sessions. Jeff dug working with Merle Travis (who hadn't picked in a long time) and eating fried chicken with Earl and having Jimmie Martin teach the boys the fine points of singing good bluegrass backup vocals.

Jimmie Fadden got to tune one of Mother Maybelle's autoharps. "Got to use it, too. Figured she'd have a real old harp, but she had a brand new one, right out of the package. Meeting her was like meeting your grandmother, almost."

John McEuen remembers several particular incidents. "Junior Huskey, typical of how he was so relaxed, picked up a maraca once and shook it. 'Hey, John! I think there's something broken inside. We better get a new one.' Just that real subtle, down-home humor. Things like always kidding Vassar about getting him a cheese sandwich. Vassar doesn't hate cheese, he HATES it."

"I remember sitting at Mother Maybelle's feet, with the guys all sitting around her feet 'cause there were no chairs. I kept thinking, 'What a picture.' Maybelle was sitting in a chair, everybody around her, singing 'Keep On The Sunny Side.' We were looking up and expecting the ceiling to open up and a ray of light would come down and take us all away."

Bill McEuen, in his role of producer, found a more general satisfaction. "For me, it was the realization when I looked out in the studio that they were all there. They were all there and singing and something was coming back from the speakers that was far beyond what I had hoped for. I thought we'd get some nice things and I'd have to cut it to one-tenth of what we were recording. But there was a sense of communication between musicians that I didn't expect. The surprise is that it worked. The playbacks drove us crazy. I had an emotional response that I have never had in the studios." Often, after a playback, everyone would burst into spontaneous applause. That says it all right there.

Doc Watson and Merle Travis had never met each other before these sessions, though

Doc's son is named after Merle. When they did meet, they just sat around and rapped (which can be heard on the album).

Earl Scruggs landed Roy Acuff and, with him a slight apprehension on the part of the Dirt Band. Earl claims that "We saved Acuff till the last, to show him what was going on, to show him it wasn't something he was opposed to, that it was strictly country music. He came in and asked me to play guitar for him. He appeared to be a little uncomfortable. But once he was with Junior Huskey (who had worked with Acuff on The Grand Old Opry) and myself (who had been a friend since 1945), that seemed to ease the tension. But once he heard the earlier tracks with Mother Maybelle and Merle, he said, 'Hell, let's do it. That's nothing but country music.'

Jeff felt that "With Acuff, we thought we would have to be careful what we'd say or do around him. After his cuts, he left and said he wasn't going to sing on the last session ('Will The Circle Be Unbroken'). But, it was fantastic — we're getting ready to run it down, and in he walks, like a week later. He says, 'I enjoyed doing this. I'd like to sing on this.' That really knocked us out, man. We figured we must be doing something right."

Getting to work with Junior Huskey was a treat for everyone, for Junior was flawless on the upright bass. "His sense of humor cracked us up, and kept things going. Some of the songs are downright morbid and we'd get down, thinking about the lyrics, and Junior would crack one, and everybody'd laugh. And his bass playing kept everything on, so tight." It freaked everyone out when he died a few months after the sessions. He was still a young man, but had apparently been working himself too hard for too long.

With the musicians supporting each other so beautifully, the album almost represents a return to purist fanaticism. Very apparent was the most often unstated respect the players had for each other. While Earl Scruggs softly praised the banjo picking of John McEuen ("I think he's very versatile, very good"), John didn't even try to bridle his enthusiasm.

"I put Scruggs at the top of the list. I can't forget that he 'invented' banjo picking. It's not even that much of an exaggeration, though other pickers had used three fingers. Maybe God came down and told him what he could do with his life. There's something there that transcends personality. When I put on 'Shuckin' the Corn' (1958 version) the sound that comes out of that banjo is ethereal; it is so right, it is so perfect, and it is so new, it's like inventing the piano and then sitting down and playing a concerto."

Bill begs us to "... listen to Doc's guitar played as loud as Cream. Freaks should realize that guy's in another world. The talent is there, it's just his particular point of view to play it the way he does. Imagine what it would be like if he played through a Marshall amp. Clapton couldn't do that; he's into feel and accent, but he's not into staccato, eight-note power. That music used to sound corny, but nowadays it doesn't."

Everyone talks about Vassar Clements. Bill sums it up succinctly: "Vassar is a talent that I hope the world will recognize. He's a mystery. He's the kind of guy who, in picking up his instrument, transcends reality. Richard Greene does it, too. But Vassar does it with a sense of tradition. Richard does it with a progressive approach. I feel that Vassar plays images, that I like to feel when I look at a Brady photograph. Maybe this album will give him the attention he wasn't getting playing back-up to stars. On this, he comes through."

"When he walked in, he was frustrated with session work, 'cause he felt everytime he'd walk into a studio, people expected him to play a very standard and dull Ray Price opening. Instead, here he just took hold. The only song he didn't want to do was 'Orange Blossom Special.' So I convinced him to try and if he didn't like it we erase the tape (that was the premise everything was on). When he got done with it, he looked pleased and said, 'Yes, I think we ought to use that.'"

John adds that "... by now, everyone should know Vassar Clements is the hottest guy around on fiddle. When I play my best, I still have to think a lot, I don't have a straight connection between my brain and fingers. With him, it's totally cosmic. It's just total feeling. His whole being is in the fiddle."

"Vassar said something to me that really meant a lot. I played a break on one of his songs, it was the key-style stuff. He said, 'I like that. I usually hate that style, but you kept it moving like it was Earl.' When he told me that, I felt I had made it."

"When we got done, I thought, I don't care if it only sells one copy. That week in Nashville was so exciting — to go from watching the Dillards for hours to . . . I never thought that would happen."

Les puts the final note on the experience. "Working with those people is something I don't think anyone else is ever going to do

like we have. I'll always be thankful for having been with the Dirt Band and having been able to do this."

THE FUTURE

Even though it was released in November, the CIRCLE album is already an old album, over a year and a half, now. Its success hopefully won't type the Dirt Band as a country band. The music in their show still comes from the variety that they like — from Cajun to bluegrass to a couple of jug band tunes to rock and roll to their version of rock and roll. They'd like to cut a great rock and roll album, though Bill feels that "... the next album has to be more reflective of the Dirt Band, and hopefully just as fine. We're going to have to work at that very hard. It took the Allmans four albums to get that sound, took the Band ten years. It's not hard to cut a hit single, but it's hard to create a good electric album."

Fadden adds (tongue-in-cheek) that "... if something has single potential, then it's recorded and recorded and if it still doesn't work, then we relegate it to the album."

When an instrument or type of music catches someone's fancy, it is usually incorporated into something. At times, it would seem like a good idea to have a nightly race to see who gets what instrument first. It would be nice for each player to stick with an instrument a whole night, but the constant exchange on stage is now almost a trademark. As the group gets better, they tackle more difficult material. In the last year, Jeff has started taking more leads on guitar. In the early days, there was so much switching of instruments and tuning to be done that he was expected to keep the audience happy with patter (he's really good at it), especially when disaster would strike. But now he's getting more into playing. When he found he could get an audience off on his leads, it changed him. He stopped thinking of himself as just a funny guy, and became more of a musician. He's also been the singer on the group's only two hit singles.

The individuals within the group are also beginning to do more writing. One of the trademarks of the group was that they seemed to use mostly other people's material. They had a bunch of writers that they respected and felt that those people's tunes didn't get driven into the ground. The group included Jackson Browne, Eric Kaz and Jerry Jeff Walker. At one time, it also included Kenny Loggins, but Loggins is busy giving life to his own songs with Jim Messina, and the Dirt Band doesn't want to compete for those songs.

They feel they're capable of so much more than they've done. Everyone is writing. Les, who is part Indian, has written a bitter ballad called "White Man," which may be on the next album. Jim Ibbotson has almost jokingly written a Rock and Roll Anthem for the Now Generation, who's main theme is "All that's really left for us is to Rock and Roll." But it's difficult to write songs when you're on the road as much as the Dirt Band is, and they don't try to push it.

The constant flow of material does keep things from becoming monotonous. And helps keep the group from falling apart, as it did those few years ago. Les feels the band will work at long as "... you're always working up things. Also, if you've been together for seven years, and you're just starting to make a nice living, you're not going to blow it. It's not the main reason, but it's a good reason. If someone does something, you can tell him to fuck off, but it never builds to the point of breaking us apart. It's been a good four years since anybody hit someone."

"We're a group, but someday we will go our separate ways, and we should help each other as much as possible for laying a foundation for each person as they leave the group. The group isn't going to stay together forever, and whether it's a friendly breakup or not, it's going to happen. But we can help each other."

Les wants to try to organize a benefit for Navajo medical relief. Jimmie Fadden spends his free time cross-country skiing, building models, bicycling. He wants to build a house this year. "I'd like to be there as the foundation goes in."

"Lately I've been thinking, 'I wish I had more time to myself.' I reach the point where I feel I need to get away from playing, where I feel like I've got music coming out of my ears. I get tired of it, and I don't listen to music at home that much. I like to do other things and it's hard to fight the urge to say 'Leave me alone. I got to go somewhere and do something else.' It seems that in the last three years we've been working pretty hard. A lot of it has to do with the irregularity. It's the timetable that botches me up so much."

The apparent success of the CIRCLE album will probably both help and hurt the desire for change. On the one hand, the

demand for the group is sure to increase, while, on the other hand they should be able to work less often for more money. But Bill McEuen has several schemes.

First comes the Tribute to Earl Scruggs in Manhattan, Kansas (home of Kansas State). It's a homage Bill has organized of people who feel Earl has been a major influence on their music, and at last count the line up was: Ramblin' Jack Elliot, Joan Baez, The Byrds, Tracy Nelson and Mother Earth, Doc Watson, David Bromberg, and obviously, the Dirt Band.

Then he'd like to "reproduce the mood of the CIRCLE album in a TV show. If I can't get the right ideas together, or the right situation,

I won't be able to do it. It has to be the right situation."

And eventually, he'd like to try the same concept of the CIRCLE album with some of the older acoustic blues people. But all that is in the future. Right now, you can touch a masterpiece that will fill your ears and mind with joyful and amazing images. And you can remember the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band, not for being the greatest and most innovative rock band in America (which they would never pretend to be), but as a group of fine musicians who more than deserve the attention they are just beginning to receive.



Left: Doc Watson
Lower Left: Bill McEuen & Earl Scruggs;
Below: Norman Blake
(Photo of Blake by Randy Medd.)



the OLD MEXICO

My one, my only, my darlingest

By DAVID WHAM

Have I said that Rachel and Janny both had that sleepy look of a sexual dream? Loosely jointed, clumsy, their hands held softly out before them, they came silently into rooms with their eyes wide blue dabs from the sea. There was something wild about them, astray, lost. You wanted to lean over them, help. Yet where Rachel moved with nervous and jagged electricity, Janny came at you as uneven and truncated as a wounded wraith, parting her lips to smile from some inner decision which, like sunlight alternating over cloudiness, reminded you that Janny could bless you for only an instant. Then, swiftly, in shadow again, her family and its past rose riblike around her as the bars of a thunderstorm.

After my wife and I fought and I had Rachel in my custody, I began to notice that there was something peculiarly touching about her. No, it was not just that she was my daughter. It was her heart-break face. It was that Rachel could not eat if I was out of the big room where her high chair was. It was that her legs dangled below the platform where a baby's might have rested, that she cried me in from wherever I was — emptying the trash outside, cleaning singular baby books and collective blankets off her bed — Daddy! Daddy! it was that when I came she ate, luminous in the face, her mouth open and exasperatingly smacking about the hot dogs to show me how much she liked to eat what I'd made her. Those hot dogs. It had been month after month of them, even as my lawyer raked in the top of my wad for his legal shenanigans; hot dogs and \$.15 fruit pies and powdered milk and eggs. Yet still she ate with that exaggerated smacking manner about the lips: Look, Daddy! Look how much I like to eat for you!

And in the huge, dank, unsubdivided basement of the corner church where Rachel went to school, I remember how she sat up, trancelike, yet smiling sweetly out of her nap, when I came to bring her the penicillin for her earaches. I remember those eyes on me, blue and pointed with love, the way her obedient smile took, shovel-like, the ruby medicine from the pink plastic spoon; licked it clean.

And one day in March, and a very cold and blustery March day it was, and she with the worst of all her earaches, I remember that I could not get through to her, hopping back and forth from one foot to the other in my impatience, spoon and medicine in hand, for her school was ringed with police. Some boys held up the Aristo Cleaners up on 8th Street, Northeast, and then run through the alleys with the pop guns in their hands. They were still in the alleys. Somewhere in back of where Rachel napped, there were about half a dozen dumb little teen-aged black boys, spread-eagled behind garbage cans, winking at one another and hope-against-hoping against their own inevitable stupidity.

On all the surrounding street corners the policemen strode, shotguns in their hands, eyes squinted against the pigeons like fat scraps in the sky. Crazy with the thought of Rachel's possible death and obliteration in some demonic, hapless crossfire, I, her father, retreated to the horsed statue in the center of the park with my spoon and my medicine. Under the raised, stone-colored hooves of an old heroism, I watched the cops, watched the pigeons, waited for the shooting, its commencement, flat upon the winds, a hollow cough, comic. Then suddenly I was running. Plastic spoon and bright ruby medicine bottle held out before me like a lance and a shield, I did not care. I wove and jumped hedges and ran decreasingly down the skiddy steps of the Baptist church where Rachel was being held, perhaps a hostage. I didn't know. My shoulder hit the door a crack; black faces grew frightened in its little porthole, and I was admitted. Into their dusky stealth and gloom I went, the 40 or so black children crouched and weaving slow motion in a charade and unconscious farce on what was happening outside, in the streets. In the distance Rachel, pale flower, raised one arm wan and familiar — mine, my flesh and blood — against the wall from her cot, and I went to her. She was in very bad shape; a runny nose, very high fever. She held her ear and cried. I got her head under my hand, those blue eyes so bleared and watery, and fed the medicine into her mouth. Outside we heard the shots at last, muffled, dry, small. Rachel's hair was soggy on my palm as I got the medicine between her teeth. We heard footsteps. Against the frosted glass of the door off the alley, a silhouette loomed, terse, murderous. Rachel softly, sweetly swallowed, her eyes fixed shinningly into mine, her daddy's. A gun coughed and belched and the silhouette seemed to turn from us and meet its death, flickering like some dark flame. It went down. Rachel got the medicine down. We smiled and knew one another as each other's, for sure.

Just before my child and I were left alone together at the beginning of the year, I thought, there had been her mother — Janny; a loving Janny. Janny and her hideous, murderously clannish parents. Her father, Captain D.T. Wildboar, USN-RET., looked like a cannonball which had mated with a can-opener. His body was a thrusting, chunky, whistling thing of war, while his chin and nose came together in a way that might have punctured tin. But he lacked a facility. This he-man

couldn't make babies. He was all command, authority, use. He used those closest to him because, bluntly, it was in a cruel manner beyond his ability to be more creative.

I remembered Janny's story about how they had disciplined her when she was very small and had not been adopted for very long, as yet, by the Captain and his Lady. She must have done something quite wrong, she told me — she didn't know what. But one day she remembered all of her stuff being repacked into a huge trunk and herself and it loaded into the back seat of the Captain's car and driven a great distance to a walled mansion. The mansion was very bleak and dreary, streaked with rain. Inside it, the Captain told her, were all the children no one would adopt. All the bad children no one would keep in their homes. It was where Janny had come out of. It was Janny's stone mother. If Janny didn't start behaving herself right now, Janny was going back into that stone mother and Janny was never going to come out of it again. It did something clammy to the insides of her as the Captain spoke. She got down on the floorboards of the car and prayed to the Captain over the top of the high front seat to please, oh please, not turn her back into that. Oh please! Her face streaked with tears, she remembered then being driven home that great distance like a return from death and being sick in bed for days, with a great high fever. But inside her, way in back of the face streaked with tears, she felt that something very like the mansion had formed; a hollowness, a clamminess, a great wet bleakness, streaked with rain. It would take her over, absolutely conquer her whenever she failed to be light and be active, a bit of a used raglike dolly herself swinging freely open to the ominous streaked bleakness of her Daddy Captain's unwavering, steely dictates. That was why she could leave me for nothing but a gob-hatted substitute, anytime, anywhere. Because otherwise, the Daddy Captain would most surely drive her back into the mansion and she'd be frozen, chilled — turned back into dishonored cold stone and die.

Yes, her enforced march of affairs was that ugly, yet I loved my lovely Janny still. Curiously enough, for such a hot girl, our

sex life was strangely chaste. I think the first confession she ever made was how tired she had become of being made to perform, of being asked to go to parties and make great conversation and great and graceful witticisms and then later come back home to make great love in the sack. Later, she sometimes would not do it with me for a week on end. Sometimes, before we were married, I would go to her house and have dinner and then lie sleepless beside her soggy, inert body throughout an interminable night; then, in the morning, when she was ready, it was impossible. I had been thinking about her too long, a great, soft, impenetrable wall, me having grown softer and softer in love with her nightlong refusal. And I could not even get it up then, shouting, throwing a pack of cigarettes against the wall, going into the bathroom to slap it over the toilet hard, brutally, to make it at least piss. At such times her face and gaze on me was a sad mask, her lips curved and turned inward upon some shy fire I could not reach into. Other times, we did make great love, but chastely, quietly, until the silence would give way to her amazing spiral cries, going out from her like a flame from a volcano up which I had gradually travelled, hanging to the soft crags and mosses of her, feeling at her belly the shine of that beauteous, that holy fire.

It was chaste love. There was no licking or sucking, no ensnarling contact against your face or belly, no becoming all moveable parts and skidding around on hills of endless silk. No. We were separate pieces of integrity. For a moment we met as one, and achieving one great shining high, instantly fell back into ourselves, like children backwards into snow. Crystalline, chiming, tingling, I felt her against me so precious, her curved naked lips and pursed determined face childlike, bell-like, a little kid in her altogether lying next to her brother, on a snowy hill, under God's great cat's tongue of a sun.

Now, in this shot-out afternoon, Rachel looked up at me out of those eyes so blue like Janny's. Well, I loved my baby still. I would have to take her home and care for her until the fever and the violence passed and we could all know what to do.



COUNTERNOTES

TRANSFORMER –
Lou Reed – (RCA)

We've got David Bowie and Gary Glitter and Silverhead and Mott the Hoople and the New York Dolls and Five Dollar Shoes and Eric Emerson and the Tramps and Teenage Lust... and still above them all, separate and in his own class, defining rather than following, is Lou Reed.

I'm not surprised that it took five years for the masses, if they can be called that, to get around to recognizing Lou Reed, to catching up to things he did with the Velvet Underground years ago. And it's not that Lou is suddenly deciding to put out music that everyone can groove to; you could groove to most of the stuff he and the Velvets did, if you were willing to get into it. It's just that now the more average or typical or whatever listener is finding out about Lou Reed, that songs about the wild side, violence, homosexuality, and the Andy Warhol crowd can be kind of interesting, after all. And, believe me, no one can sing and write about these subjects like Lou. And he's been doing it for five years, ever since that strange and wonderful first Velvet Underground album when John Cale and Nico were still in the group. During those years the following he had amounted to no more than a cult, which I'm sure is a nice thing to have – except that it doesn't pay the bills. And then, of course, there was all the fuss about the song "Heroin," with all these obnoxious types going up to him telling him they shoot up to his songs, and all the requests for it, and so they never used to play it.

Reed has always been about two long strides in front of everyone else, especially in his music, and on a surface level at least, in his lifestyle, too. There is a song on TRANSFORMER which is about that, and it's about my favorite song at this point. It's called "Hangin' 'Round": "You keep hangin', 'round me and I'm not so glad you found me/you're still doing things I gave up years ago." A classic put-down that would do Bob Dylan proud. Most of us, I'm sure, are doing things that Lou Reed gave up years ago.

"Hangin' 'Round," "Vicious," "Wagon Wheel," and "I'm So Free," (not "I'm Free," mind you, but "I'm SO Free") are the songs on this album that have the familiar stinging guitar style which was a Reed/Velvets trademark, reaching its highest stages in the 17 minute "Sister Ray." The rest are slower, and not terribly different than Reed's work with the Velvets, but they've become more specific and show the stamp of his new producer, David Bowie. "Satellite of Love" bears the closest resemblance to a Bowie song, something which probably would have sounded better had David sung it. By the way, without tampering with him too much, Bowie has done a much better job with Reed than with Mott the Hoople, who, to these ears at least, lost a lot of their punch and spunk in the process.

One of the neat things about Lou's LP's, especially this one, but his first solo album, too, is the literary influence of the concept of the album. It's not just a collection of 11 or 12 tunes about someone losing his baby, or finding his baby, or losing his baby again... No, Lou's not troubled by lack of imagination. First of all, he is not only an excellent songwriter, but he writes good poetry and prose as well. In early 1971, after his split from the Velvets, when he was at his parents' home on Long Island thinking things out, he wrote some great poems which appeared fairly regularly in FUSION. He wrote an amazing piece called "Fallen Knights and Fallen Ladies" about death in the rock world which appeared in the book NO ONE WAVED GOODBYE. On the WHITE LIGHT/WHITE HEAT album there was his short story, "The Gift," which he says was written in college; as a story it was pretty funny and all, but nothing to rave about. What made it interesting was the hard rock being played in the background of the recitation.

But TRANSFORMER has the literary influence in that there are characters in his songs, and emotions, and the people do things, and he is not just writing about himself and one or two common emotions. There are many characters, some who seem to figure in more than one song. In some ways each of the songs is like a chapter in a novel. Everything comes to the fore in "Walk on the Wild Side," with very real people in there; people in the Warhol crowd, and Lou doesn't bother with trying to change names around: "Candy came from on the Island/in the back seat she was everybody's darling." The song is really

a gem. Maybe the New York Chamber of Commerce could use it as some sort of theme song – I'm sure they'd dig lyrics like "A hustle here, a hustle there, New York City's the place where they say, 'Hey babe, take a walk on the wild side.'"

Lou Reed's still walkin' it like he talks it; how about you?

B.R.

SOLD FOR THE PREVENTION OF DISEASE ONLY – Wilderness Road – (Reprise)

This is the album that Wilderness Road should have released first. It's easier to listen to, more accessible to the average listener, and rocks like crazy. Their first, released at the exact same time last year on a different label, was a concept album, which turned out to be a bad idea for the first time out, though the concept worked. It also had more country music than rock, which didn't sit well with the masses. It seemed like only the critics liked it.

The new one has something in it for everybody. There is still good country music, and Nate Herman has got a fine, natural voice for that. He sounds especially good singing "Come on in, take off your mask, we won't steal your smile, it's gonna be a long winter, why don't you stay awhile." The song, of course, is called "Long Winter." There's also "Heavily Into Jesus," a tongue-in-cheek pedal steel country tune which is part of "The Gospel," which I'll get into in a minute.

The balance of the songs are hard rock, which all have the Wilderness Road stamp. They don't sound the same, but they all sound like the same band. (Steve Winwood once said that when asked to define Traffic's goals. Needless to say, he said it four years ago, when Traffic did have those attributes.) In other words, though the first album is almost totally different, you can still tell that it is the same group.

The two most ambitious things on SOLD FOR... have been part of the group for a long time but did not surface on the first LP. "The Gospel" and "The Authentic British Blues" prove that Wilderness Road is funny. Not just mildly humorous, but really funny. "The Gospel" is alternately a spoof on religion and radio which is tightly produced and, while not as good as Firesign Theatre, still manages to stay together beautifully. Emcee'd by a Wolfman Jack-like character who opens by saying "Jesus baby, it's good to be here!" and before every bit says "Before we get to da gospel portion of the program, we got just one more commercial message for ya!" they do a religious spoof on the "Sunday! Sunday!" drag race spiel, a take-off on Lawrence Welk, and a commercial from the Lord, "in the person of the Reverend E.J. Korvette, and the Korvette Kristian Krusade Kongregational Khoir." The Rev. says "I want you to take your hands out of your pockets and put them on your ra-di-o. I want you to put your hand in the light socket! I want you to feel the dee-vine electricity of the Lord! Can you feel it? I can feel it!" Then there is a killer Kommercial for "Mouth Jive" which "fights crime, cures cancer, and removes unwanted hair." It's one of those things with a band opening up on a drum roll into a hokey-rock arrangement, the kind of thing which used to be used to sell everything possible to insecure, unsuspecting teens in the mid-60's, the kind of thing Wilderness undoubtedly used to hear every night back in Chicago on the Barney Pip show on WCFL inbetween "Chickenman" episodes.

Oh, and it includes a testimonial from the leader of the band, stuffy-nosed Ricky, of Ricky and the Balloons (pictured on the inside cover, zonked out sniffing glue). After that is "Heavily Into Jesus," about a truck driver who used to "chew bennies like they was M&M's" and then found the Lord.

"The Authentic British Blues" is just great. It opens with boisterous crowd noise (like the kind on the SLADE ALIVE album) with a fan yelling "Come on fuckers, play the blues, I wanna boogie!" He is answered by a staid English voice who says "Play the blues? We are the blues." After a little classical ensemble work, the band crashes into a standard white blues theme, complete with British accents, spoofing the traditional blues cliche: "My baby's like a Waring blender/You know she's really built for speed." Soon he goes into a near perfect Robert Plant imitation, and ends the song screaming "Now wait a minute!" after which we hear a clock ticking off sixty seconds...

Their first album was one of the best of the beginning of 1972, and this looks like it will have that distinction for 1973. Ricky and the Balloons use it, shouldn't you?

B.R.

ROCKFISH CROSSING – Mason Proffit – (Warner Brothers)

I was sure that since guitarist Terry Talbot was an exact look-alike for David Crosby, Mason Proffit would be catapulted to fame. That and the fact that they are a pretty good band would seem to account for something. Their two previous albums were each on different labels, which didn't help any, and the ironic thing is that now that they've finally hooked up with a good record company, and have made their most solid LP, they are not being promoted worth a damn.

It's too bad that ROCKFISH CROSSING's existence is being kept a secret because it is a very likeable album. It is not a major musical feat, but few albums are, and they just end up sounding pompous and overblown after six listenings anyway. This is the kind of album that you maybe don't listen to all the time, just every once in a while, but it came out three months ago and I can still listen to it now, which is more than I can say for 1/4 of those albums.

O.K., you probably don't know what kind of band Mason Proffit is, so I'll tell you. They're a country and rock band and... Hey! Sit down and listen till I'm finished! I've locked the door so you can't get out anyway. Where was I... I know, you're saying that what we don't need is another country rock band, but MP has been around for a while, longer than most, and they deserve some of the success that's gone to others.

On this album, side two was recorded live and is mainly country, and side one is studio and only a little country. The latter side is better, if only because it is more original sounding. It opens with a nice ballad called "Jesse," which with the lyrics "You're out there on the road, singing good time rock'n' roll, Jesse come on back and see me through," I'd like to think is about Jesse Winchester. After that is a passable version of Hank Williams' "You Win Again"; not nearly as good as the original, but not as limp as Jerry Garcia's; then we have a great rocker, "Better Find Jesus," which has some nice electric piano and acoustic guitar work and would sound better with different subject matter. Thankfully, it neither preaches nor takes the bandwagon approach. This is followed by "Summer Side of Love," another pretty ballad which would, I swear, sell about eight zillion copies if released as a single. It has just the right sound and lyrics to send the Taylor-King-America-Seals & Crofts-crew into utter bliss. Asylum Records would really know what to do with this one. "Were You There" closes out the side, a "horrors of war" song – not bad, but nowhere remotely as good as the ultimate rock song on that subject, the Zombies' "Butchers' Tale."

Live side two has some good moments, like the first song "Hobo," the medley of the traditional "Cripple Creek" and J.J. Cale's "Quit Kickin' My Dog Around," and a bouncy song about a migrant worker which could have been titled better than "Wetback." The best song on this side comes at the end, when they return to rock, with "Call Me the Breeze," which has great, arrogant rock lyrics carrying enough non-meaning to let you know their heads are in the right place: "They call me the breeze, I keep blowin' down the road/I don't need nobody, don't need no help when I carry a load." Eat your heart out, Pigpen.

Even if someone takes my advice and releases "Summer Side of Love" as a single, remember that the meat and potential of Mason Proffit is in material like "Better Find Jesus" and "Call Me the Breeze" and if they're allowed to go on they should be coming up with stuff that's even better.

B.R.

DINGLY DELL – Lindisfarne – (Elektra)

When I mentioned to a member of a British band not too different from Lindisfarne that they [Lindisfarne] recently blew the Kinks off the stage at a D.C. concert (I only heard about it – a case of "Kinks-itis" kept me away), he replied, "I'm not surprised, Lindisfarne is a better band than the Kinks." You see, in England, where they have an idea of what's going on, Lindisfarne is a huge band, while over here, with three albums down, they are still virtually struggling unknowns.

I guess the reason lies in the fact that they are a folk band above all else, and since they are a British folk band, and we don't even support our own folk music, that's why they are ignored. It's anybody's guess if it'll stay that way. Possibly what could do it for a lot of people, is to see them live, or just hear some of their better songs, and I think that they'd get the point. It's not hard for Lindisfarne's

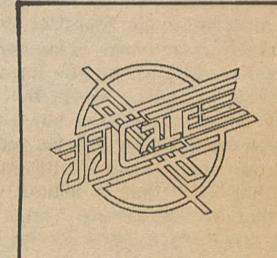
bubbly spirit to overtake the listener. They're having a good time playing, no doubt about it.

DINGLY DELL has its share of really good stuff; when it works, you really can get knocked out by their combination of very happy/very sad vocals and mixture of electric and acoustic instruments. Personally, I prefer them happy sounding because when they're sad they have a tendency to be overserious. For instance, there is a good deal of political matter here, half of the first side and one song on the second. When they are being overserious, except for "Court in the Act," which opens with the bass and drums riff from "Summertime Blues," you tend not to take the message seriously at all. When they tell you to "Bring Down the Government," you just sit there and think "Isn't that a nice song," and the message has little effect; the same with "All Fall Down." "Poor Old Ireland," with a more defined subject, pleads to be taken seriously, though again the pleading is overdone.

Luckily sandwiched between "All Fall Down" and "Bring Down the Government" is a real stomping instrumental. "Plankton's Lament," propelled by Ray Jackson's harmonica and Rod Clements' violin. The similar "Dingle Regatta" opens side two. When Lindisfarne balances the serious and the happy, the results are best. "Court in the Act" and "O, No, Not Again" ("But when it comes down to knowing who you are/Seems like a waste of time, you'd be better off by far/With a fistful of friends and a beat up old guitar/and some food and some wine in a jar.") have this quality, and to some extent, so does the album's only all-out rock song, "Don't Ask Me," which would seem to have some personal truths to their own situation: "You can come on up and you can steal the show/but don't as me how it happened; I don't know."

It would be a shame if it didn't happen for Lindisfarne. If you're interested, their second album, FOG ON THE TYNE, is a bit stronger than this, but it should by no means be passed by. It's always nice to hear people having a good time.

B.R.



REALLY – J.J. Cale – Shelter

Reviewed by Tim Hogan
You're probably thinking of the frozen green stuff you buy at Safeway. Or of John Cale, former Velvet Underground-Nico-Stooges-Terry Riley associate who is not even of the same bloodline. But ol' funky-butt J.J. Il get ya straightened out after one small dose of bold exposure.

I couldn't visualize Sammy Davis doing a straight Dean Martin bit, but you wouldn't need to bus J.J. into segregated areas – just let the airwaves carry the magic. Within the short structure of his songs, he's able to provide a funk-rhythm backbeat and a raspy voiced story in the commercial vein of sheer perfection. He explores the full spectrum of funk-music, from definitely modern black to country to bluesy and he even sticks in a jazz riff or two.

Most of the songs, 10 or 12 are his own, were recorded in a week-long mad dash of Tennessee and Alabama studios in the spring of last year, using five different studios and at least as many different backup groups ranging in size from a duet with Charlie McCoy to a nine-piece rhythm and horn group. Beyond the fine performances put out by the 20 or 30 people involved in this second "solo" LP, it's J.J.'s personal identity that comes thru as the mainstay of what's here – and rightly so.

In addition to 10 varieties of Cale's own writing, there's a version of Don Nix's "Going Down" done up in better style here than the Jeff Beck Group's attempt, in less than half the time. Also, a short stab at Muddy Waters' classic "Mo Jo" which lends its blues base to some fancy jazzwork by Cale.

If none of this album's tunes get their chance on the charts or on restaurant jukeboxes, or maybe in your collection, then it's a sure sign of impending doom for our ear canals. Perhaps the silver J.J. Cale emblem on the front cover will be flash enough for the tinsel-tainted tastemakers. Or maybe the Elton Johnish back cover will aid discovery. However, treat yourself, you'll not hear nothing like the mighty J.J.

AT THE MOVIES

PHANTOM INDIA

Reviewed by Joseph Lewis

The final scene of Louis Malle's *PHANTOM INDIA* shows a group of Indian workers dressed in loin cloths straining to push a huge cart of salt across a highway outside of Bombay. A steady stream of trucks rolls by as they finally get across. It is a beautifully filmed sequence and sums up a pervading notion of this very impressive documentary; that India is a land of violent contrasts, a land not easily generalized.

Although *PHANTOM INDIA* is a documentary, it is not really an objective study of life in that country. The director is critical of the caste system, for instance, which he acknowledges to be extremely complex and taken for granted by the majority of Indians, even though it is officially outlawed. He sympathizes with the rural poor who seem to be at the mercy of the Indian government, a western-style bureaucracy. There is a leftist hint in his scorn of the middle-class in Bombay who take up yoga not as part of their heritage, but in imitation of the western middle-class fad for it. He is skeptical about the Hindu religion, but after filming a strange old woman in a trance muttering all day to her gods, and witnessing the intensity and reverence Hinduism inspires in so many of the common people, he comes away thinking that it is more than the opiate of the masses. Although Malle makes judgements throughout the film, he doesn't strike me as an ideologue; indeed, the narration is more like a conversation with a very perceptive traveler.

Not that the movie is diffusive, despite its six and one-half hour length. A major preoccupation seems to be loss of customs and rituals of the past. Malle is fascinated by a school in Madras devoted to reviving an ancient dance, and he keeps filming two young prima donnas whose subtle and complicated movements are beautiful to behold, but ultimately their dance is incomprehensible to westerners. Each gesture has a prescience meaning and, in Malle's words, the dance is not really an entertainment, but a religious ceremony; a conversation with the gods.

There are many, many fascinating things in this film; little that is tedious, scarcely nothing that isn't interesting. I might quarrel with the director's fixation in the first episode, on some vultures feasting on a dead water buffalo — not a very pretty sight. Otherwise, the editing is impeccable. I particularly liked a sequence on a religious ceremony involving something that looked like a gigantic homecoming float. Malle says that he was afraid the thing would fall over on the devotees, himself, and his crew, who were all packed shoulder-to-shoulder in the steaming streets. Luckily, it didn't. Malle's treatment of the western pilgrims is generally sympathetic, but he can't help focusing on two young Frenchmen who came to find the Meaning — with a little help from home, of course. One of them says he will never leave India, that he has found what he was looking for, but when we come back two weeks later he confesses he is returning to Paris because he got sick from the climate.

The photography is very beautiful and Malle's witty and self-effacing narration, so different from the usual films of this genre, pulls everything together. The final episode on Bombay impressed me as a fitting farewell. Tracking shots of endless, faceless buildings and views of the gleaming interiors of factories — we could be in any city, as the director notes. Strange, but I felt more at home looking at these scenes, and perhaps Malle did too. The majority of the 700 million-plus who inhabit the pre-westernized hinterlands may be too hard to comprehend completely.

CHLOE IN THE AFTERNOON

Reviewed by Lee Westenberg

The sixth of Eric Rohmer's six Moral Tales, *CHLOE IN THE AFTERNOON*, shows the writer/director at his vintage and flaccid best: vintage in voluptuous mood and innuendo, flaccid in conscientious fulfillment.

Bernard Verley plays a successful, 30-ish businessman (lawyer?) married to Francoise Verley (his real-life wife), a rather tight-lipped doctoral candidate in English letters. They have a nice home in the suburbs. He reads books on the computer train because they're more portable than newspapers and because they enable him to better transcend his world. He is a self-styled brooder, his favorite subject being the women in the streets and cafes of Paris. Now that he's happily married, he muses, beautiful women are tempting only as

imaginative extensions of his wife. He is content to grant them the reserves of mystery and complexity denied in his (presumably predatory) bachelor days. These thoughts aside, he tends to find the "infinite happiness" of his marriage often sobering.

The opening shots — at home, on the train, in the office, at lunch — point up the measured, smooth, alertly bourgeois style into which the couple has grown. They are familiar Rohmer characters — nice to look at, well-heeled, self-satisfied (Bernard nearly revels in the freedom of late-lunches), and very talkative. Their avoidance of meaty intellectual issues is appropriately indulgent. Their world of apertifs, baby clothes, good books and placid dinner-party talk (about avocados, for example) is strangely ingrown. I should add that Rohmer is capable of boatloads of intellectual posturing, witness *MY NIGHT AT MAUD'S*, *LA COLLECTIONNEUSE*.

The casual, sensual ambience, for which the director is already well-known, emerges early. Sitting in a cafe alone, Bernard recounts a dream. In the dream, he finds himself equipped with an amulet about his neck which emits a bleep of light capable of undermining the free-will of its target. We see the fantasy enacted. Bernard stands on street-corners, waylaying various women in the passing parade — some sober and purposeful, some capricious and strutting, some suspicious and tough. The amulet bleeps, he proposes a diversion which is usually accepted, and a cab is hailed. Cut. (This stuff is amusing, coy and inconsequential all at once, but I couldn't help thinking Godard's apolitical street-theater is far wittier.) The dream sequence concludes, and Bernard returns to his office.

And there is Chloe, a distant bejeweled acquaintance from bohemia, the friend of a friend from Bernard's bachelor days. Just back from New York where she travelled with an aspiring painter, she waits table at a nightclub and has decided to renew their contact for friendship and reassurance.

Zouzou, who plays Chloe, has been, I am told, a celebrity in Paris since the days of the Twits. Like New York's Baby Jane Holzer, perhaps. Comparisons between her role and Bulle Ogier's Rosemonde in fellow-Swiss director Alain Tanner's *LA SALAMANDRE*, are compelling. Both women project a resilient, down-and-near-out toughness, but Chloe is more articulate, more willing and able to play the game of Clout and Cope. Indeed, by the movie's end, she has persuaded Bernard to help her get the position of assistant manager of a smart dress boutique. Chloe is less of a rebel than Rosemonde. She finds offices "unreal," but tells Bernard her preferences are bourgeois. Yet she claims to despise compromises, has attempted suicide and perceives the "ugliness of life." As you can see, her character is a little cliched. Chloe apparently wants to settle down; her various apartments remain "pads" while her clothes get more expensive. We first see her as if she were fresh off a weekend with the early Stones. In the end, she is noticeably less vibrant. The ambiguity of this shift is odd. She's no mere chameleon (Zouzou's Jaggerish face can't be concealed), but something has deadened her fire.

Bernard is attracted to Chloe, and they begin to spend one platonic afternoon a week together. They shop, talk in cafes, flirt in her apartment. She sends baby-clothes to Francoise, who is expecting a second child. By now, Bernard is enormously attracted to Chloe. He broods over the impression that she is taking innocent advantage of his "good nature." Yet Chloe is in every way respectful and discreet concerning the happy marriage. Her latching on to Bernard is mutual, not mercenary.

Bernard is a priggish puzzle, much like Trantignant's character in *MY NIGHT AT MAUD'S*. With his studious wife, he admits, his behavior is light-hearted and clownish. With Chloe, he feels natural and philosophically candid. I sense in him the fop; certainly, he is no rake. He begins to await and expect their afternoon rendezvous. A lover of gambits and obliquities, he is skittish about the risks of an outright affair. Except for sex, however, their relation is just that. What Rohmer refuses to explain and what Bernard's character doesn't reveal, is the cause of the reluctance. The obvious answer, I suppose, would be that Chloe is another book, another dream with which to harmlessly challenge his security.

This explanation may be implied in the denouement. Believing for some reason that he is ultimately a free spirit, Chloe tells Bernard she's in love and will try to seduce him. She wishes to have a child by him. There follows a discussion of "polygamy" (Bernard's word). In a culture with no such legal taboo,

he says, he might accept, but in France the idea is "barbarian." Bernard is a man of his culture. He prefers fantasies and is solidly bourgeois.

Naturally, I won't divulge the ending (partly because it is bewildering), but Rohmer's Moral seems not far from Marital Fidelity. The film is so interlarded with irony, however, that the impact of any credible outcome is lost. It takes a rich imagination to believe Rohmer wishes to make any points at all. (This, I expect, is a reason why I join those who find him insidiously lovable.) *CHLOE IN THE AFTERNOON* is full of glandular allures, alright, and it is a fine diversion, but Rohmer plays games of brinksmanship with the emo-

tions. He teases more than goads. If some sense of conscience is to be valued, and in a film subtitled a Moral Tale such a sense seems appropriate, then Rohmer has failed to unite his story. If the aim is to suggest the inevitable doom of fixed poles of conscience in a culturally relative world, well, he is more successful. But this film, plus at least three of the other Tales, leads me to believe Rohmer's ambitions are limited to soothing us with tickles.

Nestor Almendres' photography, so lush and vivid in Truffaut's *TWO ENGLISH GIRLS*, is, under Rohmer's direction, muted and plain. Rohmer is no great pictorialist; screenplays and coy dialogue are his forte.

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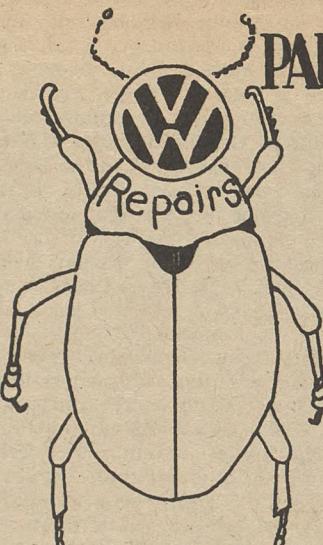
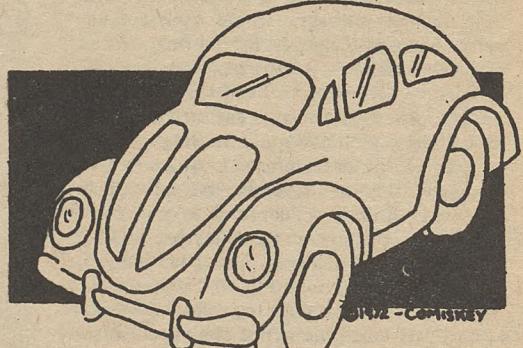
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PERFORMANCE

*Miss Harolds to the Dark Tower Came
The Game
The Return of Captain D.B. Amatucci*

at The Playwrights' Theater of Washington

Reviewed by Perry Schwartz
Miss Harolds to the Dark Tower Came opened the second evening of productions at PTW on roughly the same note the first evening closed. It was another word-oriented play dealing with the relationships between two basically lonely people. In this case, a drunken soldier and a not-so-young virgin. They are both on a bus tour in Ireland. That setting doesn't allow for much activity. She talks while he sleeps. They get off at "Yeats" tower and they come together. All of this is interesting at best, mildly humorous at times, and rather well acted for the most part by Gerry McCarthy and James E. Brady, Jr. At the end of this play I looked forward with apprehension to more of the same. Fortunately, I was wrong.

The Game was a rather marvelous short abstraction of the sex act. We meet Him and Her in brief tableaux. He drinks — we hear the glass clink — he swallows. She listens to a music box — we hear the music, the motor running, the lid shut, the motor whir to a stop. The intimacy of the tiny space of this theatre works beautifully for this play. They are alone. Mommy and Daddy are gone. The children are in bed. They play their game slowly, three times to orgasm. The playwright may have had a specific meaning for the abstraction; the actors and director undoubtedly did. I'm not sure I did. I didn't need a specific concrete meaning. The aesthetic quality of the abstraction was very effective. It worked in the space and in the short amount of time permitted.

The Return of Captain D.B. Amatucci had yet another style; a theme oriented play. It was a rather dark farce dealing with the effect of Viet Nam on the young men involved with the death created by that endless horror. I found the sardonic humor funnier than most of the rest of the audience. Here again, the acting was excellent, as it was throughout the evening. There was not a single cast member who wasn't believable, whose concentration wasn't complete. In the tight quarters of the PTW theater, that is no small accomplishment.

PTW is obviously fulfilling its desire to give a wide variety of young playwrights, actors and directors a place to work. As a marvelous bonus, they are giving the audience an evening's worth of good theatre.

TWO SAINTS
Center Stage, Baltimore

Reviewed by Perry Schwartz
This play is billed as a "new experience in story theatre." This does not mean that the story theatre approach of dramatizing a narrative short story or fable is going to be explored as a "new experience," but rather that two new plays are being done in the story theatre technique. These two plays are based on "Gimpel the Fool" by Isaac Bashevis Singer and "St. Julian the Hospitaler" by Gustave Flaubert. Larry Arrick directs the production with competence most of the time and some directorial touches of brilliance during the "Julian" piece. Unfortunately, both pieces are a bit too long.

The life of a man named Gimpel is dealt with in the first and lesser of the two works. Gimpel is judged a fool by his school friends when they and we first meet him. They think his name is "simple" which soon becomes "fool." His major problem is that he believes everything he is told. Herein lies the major problem of the play. Since he is never told the truth by anyone, there seems to be no good reason for him to have decided "I will try and believe what I am told." From my point of view, I've never seen such a fool. Eventually he gets old enough to die and is rewarded by going to heaven where, "God be praised! There even Gimpel can't be fooled." The whole of this story line is accompanied by a great deal of music which has a ring of "Fiddler on the Roof" to it.

"Julian" deals with a young prince who is given a two-fold prophecy as a baby: 1) he will be a saint, 2) he will kill his parents. He does both, but in the opposite order. The story line here is no less tedious than "Gimpel," but the production style is more interesting. The music and acting both have a stylized quality of the Renaissance about them. Particularly effective is a marvelous opening tableau in which the exposition is sung by the entire

cast — over 20 — posed in a lovely, graceful manner over the entire multi-leveled stage. Equally beautiful and more exciting is the killing of wolves, dogs, deer and all kinds of birds and other animals, played by actors, by Julian. Unfortunately, the play lasts 30 minutes past these moments and never recaptures the excellence.

C. David Colson plays Gimpel and Julian fairly effectively, with Gimpel being slightly too Jewish and Julian being slightly too princely. The rest of the huge cast supports him fairly well. Of special note is the work of the composer Barbara Damashek (who plays 10 or 15 instruments) and the orchestra. The set was quite convincing, utilizing a pleasant aesthetic arrangement of ramps and platforms, giving the feeling of wide space, no space, and any space.

Basically, this production took itself too seriously. Maybe that's inherent in "story theatre" since it must tell a story and thus always seem to moralize.

TIM HARDIN
at the Cellar Door

The man's got some good songs. They're scrawled on strips of paper and taped to his guitar: "If I Were A Carpenter," "Reason To Believe," "Misty Roses," "Hold On To A Dream," and others.

A lot of people have played these songs in the past few years. "If I Were A Carpenter" was hit material for the Four Tops, Johnny Cash, and Bobby Darin. And "Reason To Believe" was recorded by everyone from Rod Stewart to Ian and Sylvia.

The man who's got the songs taped to his guitar tonight is different. He's never made a hit with these songs. But he has sung them a thousand times. As a matter of fact, he wrote them. His name is Tim Hardin.

"There's one thing you've got to get straight, man," Hardin said not long ago at the Cellar Door, "I'm not a songwriter."

"These songs, you see, they just came through me. And then I got caught with them. But I'm a singer, a jazz musician."

Hardin paced the floor as he spoke, opening his eyes wide.

After several minutes of this, I remained unconvinced. Not a songwriter? If anyone knows how to write a song, Tim Hardin surely must.

"No. . . you've got is wrong," Hardin replies, "I don't write a song — it just comes." With this he floats his hand through the air, obviously enjoying the mystery of his explanation.

O.K. It "just comes." But how does it happen?

Hardin grabs his guitar. "I get the words," he says. "I get some sentences. I put them on a sheet of paper. I put it on the piano. There isn't any music. and then. . ."

And then Hardin starts singing "If I listened long enough to you/I'd find a way to believe that it's all true/Knowing. . . that you lied straight-faces while I cried/Still I look to find a Reason to Believe." Beautiful.

Hardin evidently would like to forget that he has written some of the most influential songs of the past decade. Fortunately, his audiences won't let him do that.

Playing solo, Hardin grips his audience today with the same mellow voice and intimate lyrics that first brought him fame in the early 60's.

Nevertheless, he is looking for a new image. "I need a new coming out," he admits.

If PAINTED HEAD, his latest album, is that new coming out, we all could be in for trouble. The problem with the album is that while there is plenty of Tim Hardin as the "jazz singer" there, there is absolutely no trace of the deeper Hardin talent. There is not one Tim Hardin song on PAINTED HEAD.

Likewise, Hardin in concert is great by himself. But when he is accompanied by his group, he again becomes a "jazz singer" and loses his best qualities. While the band boogie-woogies, Hardin pushes jazz runs through the piano, or jumps around the stage. There is certainly a lot of excitement — but the meaning is gone.

Gene Adler, Hardin's pianist, feels that the group will pull together soon. "Everybody knows that Hardin's been through some apart times," Adler said, "but he's getting things back together. He'll make it."

Hardin won't make any predictions. But he guarantees that his next album will be better than PAINTED HEAD.

And after 13 years of performing, does he still like making music? "Man," Hardin exclaims, "it's the only thing I know how to do."

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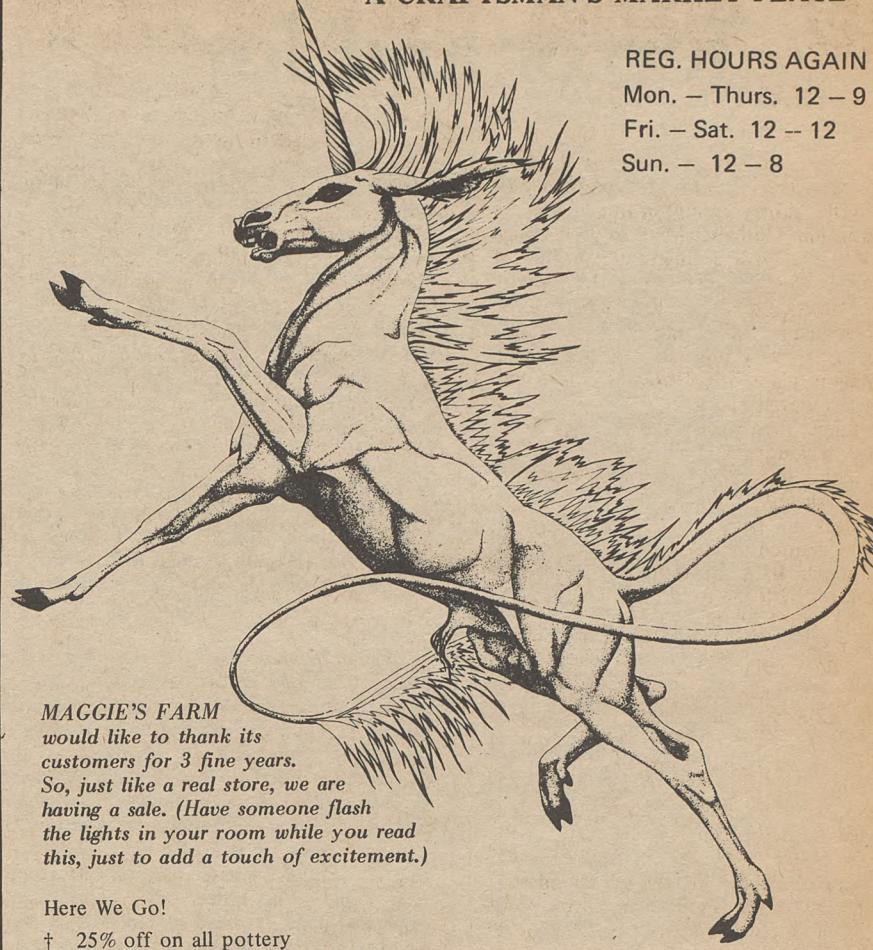
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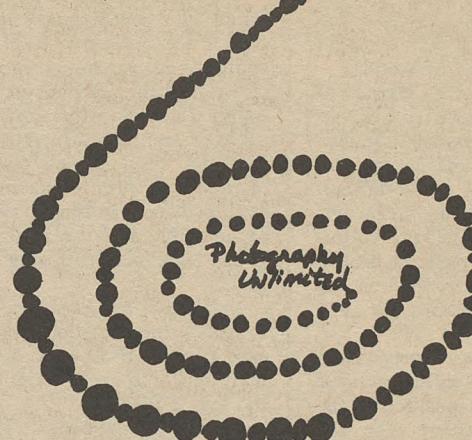
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John Hawkes: Terror and Joy

By JUDITH WILLIS

Top of tan turtleneck meeting stylishly long greying hair, left hand holding aside his suit coat to reveal unstylishly thin belt in stylishly wider belt loops, John Hawkes, self-styled novelist, gregariously delivered the first in this season's series of Folger Poetry Readings.

It is to the Folger's credit that even though its series is labeled "poetry," it does not let labels deter it from inviting a prose writer of merit and interest to participate.

Hawkes is known as an "experimental" writer, which scares a lot of people off because they equate "experimental" with "difficult." Hawkes is not difficult — either to read or to listen to — although his material is rich and can be understood at many different levels. I think that "original" would be the better word to describe his works which include seven novels, one book of short stories and novellas, and one book of plays, all stamped with his view of life.

"The possibility of terror," Hawkes said, strutting jovially upon the Shakespearean stage, "is what heightens — even makes possible — the enjoyment of life."

For example, in *Second Skin*, the protagonist Skipper's becoming an artificial inseminator is given its meaning by his having first endured the suicides of his father, wife, and daughter.

This view is also manifested stylistically. Gloomy dark sections alternate with those of lyric joy in *Second Skin*, and those of lyric eroticism in *The Blood Oranges*. His first novel, *The Cannibal*, also has this juxtaposition of Thanatos and Eros.

During the question and answer period, a member of the audience commented that Hawkes seemed unusually objective to his work, to which Hawkes replied that he was not at all objective while writing the original draft, but that his rewriting, reworking, and revising did give him some objectivity.

At the booze and cheese party after the lecture, I asked Hawkes whether the alternation of the gloomy passages with the joyous ones in *Second Skin* (which, I think, gives the book much of its power and overwhelming beauty) had been part of this rewriting process. His answer: No. That was how he had written it in the first place.

"As a matter of fact," he said, "I wrote *The Cannibal* that way, too. That is, I had the parts about Germany in 1945" — which are passages evoking a mood of sterility — "alternating back and forth with Germany of 1914" — which evokes a mood of life, fertility. "What happened," Hawkes recalled, "was that because the rest of the material was at that time considered to be difficult enough without further confusing the readers with numerous changes in time, my editors advised me to put all the material dealing with 1914 Germany in one section in the middle dividing the two sections on 1945 Germany."

Hawkes followed his editors' suggestions, so that his revision of *The Cannibal* consisted of cutting down on the juxtaposition of the dark and light passages, rather than the other way around.

Much of Hawkes' lecture was devoted to his "pursuing an image" which appeared in *The Cannibal* and which, the author said with his characteristically cryptic humor, puzzled him. The image was that of the exterior of a house which somehow metamorphosed into a tree trunk. Hawkes pursued the image to *Second Skin* where it became a lighthouse within which Skipper climbs to keep his daughter from sex and suicide, and then to *The Blood Oranges* where, he said, it becomes the image of the innards of a fortress deep beneath the sea where the four lovers of the novel discovered a chastity belt.

Speaking of chastity belts, there's one thing I've got to get in here before the pursuit continues to its obvious conclusion. When I read the chastity belt scene in *The Blood Oranges*, it evoked in me feelings of repulsion verging on terror.

Here is part of it:

Suddenly Hugh had found this small rectangular hole in the cavern floor and had leapt up to his knees in the refuse of coagulated fishing nets, broken clay pots and charred ribs of wood. In the midst of this pulpy refuse, he had poked with the torch itself until we heard the dull but tinny sound of metal on metal, had thrust down the head of the torch and hooked what he was

looking for and slowly, in rigid triumph, had raised the unmistakable object of his lonely search. . . . I looked at Fiona, she looked at me, all four of us stared down at the pliant and yet indestructible thin loop of iron that was large enough to encircle a human waist and was dissected by a second and shorter loop or half circle of iron wrought into a deliberate and dimly functional design. "No," Fiona whispered, "no. . . . Our four heads were together, in our different ways we were scrutinizing the single tissue thin contraption that had already revealed its purpose to Fiona and now, I suspected, was slowly suggesting itself to Catherine as something to wear. "It looks like a belt," I heard her saying. "But what are all those little teeth. . . . Anyway," Catherine said, "it's too small for me. . . ." "No," I murmured, "it's adjustable. . . ."

When Hawkes read parts of this same passage I realized that it was indeed funny, as his intonation implied, but that I had been unable to catch the humor while reading it because I had been so involved in the surrounding mood of horror. This happened in several other passages Hawkes read, which just goes to show that Hawkes is, as he claims, a comic writer, or at least a comic reader — that is, he had a comic vision as opposed to what some of his critics call a progressively optimistic one. It also demonstrated that Hawkes does not read in a monotone as he said he thinks he does.

Anyway back to the pursuit of a house turned tree trunk which ends quickly as an obvious return-to-the-womb symbol in a dream of the protagonist in the novel on which Hawkes is now working, *Death, Sleep, and the Traveler*.

Hawkes said his new novel is about a Dutchman who does the two couples in *The Blood Oranges* one better by being the third participant in two lovemaking trios. In the new novel, Hawkes uses material from his own dreams partially in answer to his critics' persistent question of whether he used his own dream material in his previous novels, which he hadn't. But in *Death, Sleep, and the Traveler*, in addition to his own dreams, Hawkes said he is using real-life material as dreams and inventing dreams as well, and "I'm not going to tell those various psychiatrists interested in my work which is which."

The new novel, Hawkes said, was inspired by a family trans-Atlantic excursion to Lesbos on an empty KLM jet piloted by a white-haired Dutchman whom his wife insisted was not the pilot but an aging steward. En route, Hawkes' wife related a news story about a law case involving a young woman who had been pushed overboard on a sea cruise by her lover. On Lesbos, which Hawkes described as surprisingly bleak, his son got appendicitis, and the family met up with a young Dutchman with long blond hair named Alert.

After this fun vacation, Hawkes returned to his writing studio where things seemed even grimmer because he hadn't written anything much to speak of in what was to him too long a time.

And then suddenly it all came together, he said. He wrote down the title, *Death, Sleep, and the Traveler*, and knew it would be a story about a middle-aged Dutchman named Alert who has been sent away on a sea cruise by his wife largely because he persists in telling her the contents of his dreams. Alert becomes involved in the death of a young woman who is a member of one of his trios on board the ship.

And we all can't wait to read it.

While we're waiting, you might want to pick up some of Hawkes' previous work, all available in New Directions paperback editions. In order of appearance they are: *The Cannibal*, *Charivari*, *The Beetle Leg*, *The Goose on the Grave*, *The Lime Twig*, *Second Skin*, *The Innocent Party* (Four Short Plays), *Lunar Landscapes* (Stories and Short Novels), and *The Blood Oranges*.

Delivering the other readings in this year's Folger Poetry Series at The Folger Shakespeare Library, 201 East Capitol Street, S.E., will be: Henry Taylor, Feb. 12; Bink Noll and Ann Darr, Feb. 19; Colette Inez and Peter Klappert, March 12; William Claire reading from the works of Mark Van Doren, March 19 and Michael Harper, April 2. All readings are at 8 p.m. and are free.

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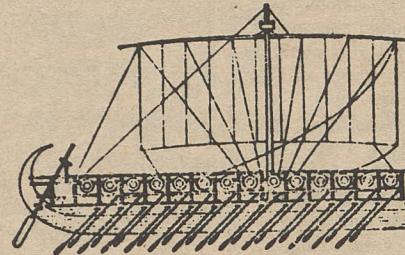
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ART

CLAES OLDENBURG

Fendick Gallery

By DAVID TANNOUS

The problem with looking at the works of Claes Oldenburg is to get beyond the initial laugh and see that Oldenburg has more in mind than to be amusing. The temptation to laugh is understandable. After all, what other response is there to an imagination that presents the idea of a gargantuan, fully-functioning kitchen faucet as a public monument in a city park? Or that envisions a giant replica of an upended ice-cream cone as the cover of an oil derrick on a Los Angeles beach?

Oldenburg's work has provoked both laughter and incomprehension, and he has been dismissed as an *enfant terrible* who delights in being outrageous, but who has little to offer after the initial laugh. The group of his prints and multiples — his first Washington exhibit — now on display at the Fendick Gallery, 3059 M St., N.W., should give a chance for a more comprehensive examination of his thought and his art.

These works, most of them lithographs, and most of them completed within the last two years, are bewildering in the range of thought and eccentricity of vision they represent.

Among the pieces are several views of a sagging, "soft" drum set; other views of a toilet in the same condition; three solemn treatments of a baked potato in various states of butteredness; a presentation of two dancing cigarette butts; a severely beautiful rendition of a Chrysler Airflow in profile; two tea bags, one dripping, one dry; a self-portrait that is literally symbolic; and a set of 12 enlarged "Note" pages that show the artist managing to find relationships between cigarette packs and museums, potato chips and navels, a kneeling woman and a building.

Nothing, apparently, is off limits to Oldenburg: he finds his subjects everywhere, does to them what he wants, and displays them in unexpected — and at times unbelievable — combinations.

Sometimes the combinations and juxtapositions produce an effect that is almost surreal, but Oldenburg's vision is not a product of the esthetic of surrealism. There is none of the haunted, dream-like metamorphosis of shapes that characterizes the deeply personal, self-psychologizing work of the surrealists: Oldenburg's eye is detached, analytical, humorously — and unsparingly — observant.

Obviously there is an organizing intelligence behind this bizarre admixture of forms; it is only the kind of organization that is not readily apparent. As one looks at the transmogrification of Mickey Mouse into a museum facade and a municipal park, and observes the utilization of the inverted letter "Q" as a beach house, it becomes evident that the mind responsible for these "fantasies" is ferociously thorough in pursuing a thought to an unexpected, yet logical, conclusion. And this is a mind that is determinedly naive, in the scientific sense: one that takes nothing for granted.

Oldenburg is an artist without prejudice: as the viewer examines the procession of his proposals for various huge "unsuitable" public monuments — the gushing faucet for Lake Union in Seattle, a giant fireplug at the tip of Chicago's Navy Pier — one realizes that for Oldenburg, nothing is "unsuitable," nothing is automatically beyond or beneath consideration as a work of art.

When Oldenburg first gained attention in the early 60's with his exhibits of "The Street" and "The Store," he was lumped with the Pop artists, because he dealt with the easily recognizable minutiae of daily life. But this was an incorrect classification: Oldenburg never has been interested in the exact detailed replication of the slick commercial surface of contemporary civilization. He concerns himself instead with the line and the shape of things, and in the repetition of characteristic lines and shapes in seemingly disparate objects.

Oldenburg's work, therefore, has a continuously allusive quality: one thing suggests another to him, and a common characteristic of the two brings to mind a third. He is the artist of the free association, in terms of the visual rather than the verbal, although verbal connections sometimes can lead him from one image to another, or strengthen the choice of a visually appropriate form.

What we have got here, at base, is a system of classification devised by a scientist who has come to look at the world fresh. Discarding preconceptions, refusing to admit that, because of their differing natures, one set of objects may never be compared to another, he cheerfully adds apples and oranges, and finds that both of these commodities are round.

He looks at the shape and function of anything, and finds similarities in something else, an object a thousand times larger or smaller than the first, of completely different composition and antecedents, and yet, uncannily, like it.

In part, it is the view of a child, who hasn't yet heard "no" too many times. In part, it is the product of the pure scientific method, which examines things as they are, and not as they are supposed to be. Oldenburg doesn't recognize that certain adaptations of common forms are inappropriate, so he devises a tunnel entrance that looks like a nose, a structure whose form, come to think of it, is perfectly well suited to the conduction of a divided double-lane highway through a mountain.

It is as if he had assembled a mixed bag of body parts and common objects and proceeded to build a world out of what he had found. Everything is of the same importance, and any one thing may function in any size, large or small. He pulls out an object and says to himself: what other forms — made by nature or by man — have this shape, this function? Whatever they are, they are of the same family, and perhaps each can be substituted for the other.

The result of this thinking can be an office building in the form of the legs and lower skirt of a kneeling woman, or a man-made palm tree composed of the ascending laces of a giant pair of gym shoes.

Further correspondences appear when Oldenburg alters the usual form of his objects, trying to find the irreducible elements of each. His famous "soft" pieces are the result of this attempt to push things as far as they can go; much as a botanist will dissect a plant to find its inner form. It is a paring down to essence, and in the process the artist can find in his "Soft Drum Set" unexpected resemblances to the human body, and in "Soft Toilet No. 1," the suggestion of a face with staring eyes and open shouting mouth.

The clearest exposition of Oldenburg's thought in this show is in the print "Symbolic Self-Portrait with Equals." Around the borders of the work he leads four different objects in a transformational dance to reveal their essential similarity. Do you think that a partly eaten ice-cream bar, a pair of light switches, a three-way plug (seen twice, in profile and full-face), and a geometric mouse have nothing in common? Take a look at this print and see where you are wrong.

In the center of the print is the artist's dichotomous face, one side of it showing, in his words, his "kindly" aspect, and the other, the "brutal." His extended tongue resembles both a heart and a foot; a tear drops from one eye, a bead of sweat rolls down his forehead toward the other. His hair is a swirl of convoluted, ambiguous forms about his face, and on his head there is an ice-bag that doubles as an artist's beret.

Oldenburg here is both magician and clown. Two states in one, doubles and equals, fill this work; things can be different and the same; two contradictory thoughts can be half-believed at once. This print points the way to the rest of the works; it is an abstract of his vision.

In its earliest form, the word "magician" meant "wise man," and as Oldenburg magically changes the shapes and sizes of his objects, he is indeed wise, showing us things that we didn't know were there. This exhibit will continue through February 10; while you have the chance, take the opportunity to learn.

TEN YOUNG ARTISTS

Pyramid Gallery

By MARIANNE LAROCHE

In the past few years, it seems, the "art biz" folks — critics, gallery owners and the like — have been in the same quandary as the music industry biggies, namely, no new noticeable trends that they can latch onto and push.

Nevertheless, artists have been continuing to produce work, and they have been investigating so many thousands of different approaches rather than swarming around one statement — such as expressionism in the 50's or minimal art in the 60's — that it appeared the art world, whatever that is, was in a slump.

Young artists have indeed been working, not only on their art, but also toward new ways of presenting it to the public without having to be at the mercy and whim of the art biz gallery owners and trend-makers.

One of these approaches, unfortunately for the industry folks, has been the growing emergence of a cooperative spirit and mutual support rather than a continuation of the individual and the often nasty competition that for so long was the only way an artist could push his or her work.

In New York recently, for example, this has been manifested in the creation and success of such cooperative galleries as 55 Mercer Street, whose member-artists are trying for unification, not on the basis of shared style or concept, but by their commitment to financially maintain a space where they can all show their work without the outside commercial pressures or interference. Another example of this new approach is that of A.I.R., a Soho feminist gallery run cooperatively.

What about Washington? Well, it's starting to happen here too. No cooperative gallery yet — to my knowledge — although the idea has been talked over, but the manifestations of the new movement are finally visible in the current show at the Pyramid Gallery on the P Street Strip.

It's a group show of ten young artists who all live or work in the same building — Beverly Court, a comfortable, old, Columbia Road fossil left over from the fashionable days when such large apartments were the places to live in Washington.

This show is not unified by a school of art either, nor by a single way of perceiving the world. Rather, it is strongly tied together with an obvious aura of honesty, hard work, support and friendships between the artists involved.

None of the artists showing here seem to be desperately screaming "Look at me, me, me." Instead, there is a confidence in their work that acknowledges not only their own talents, but the spirit and talent of each other.

Kristen Moeller's delightful, soft flights of fancy — a series of colored pencil and pastel drawings — meander in different places than the nocturnal, mystical images in the silk-

screens of Jonathan Meader. But hanging side by side, they complement each other.

A similar, quiet, dream-like, distant quality pervades the paintings by Alan Appel who hand tints and alters old photographs which are transferred onto sensitized canvas.

And Manon Cleary's charcoal portrait drawings clearly acknowledge their photographic origins. Yet she manages to make them go one step further than one usually sees in photo-realistic paintings, onto a different level. They are strong yet acutely sensitive portraits — some of them of artists whose work is also in the show.

Roger Trip also does black and white realistic drawings, in pencil, of everyday objects like electrical plugs or wrenches. These objects, though, function simply as compositional shapes controlling the white space and the edges of the page.

Conceptual artist Yuri Schwebler includes a work called "Hairbox" which consists of contact sheets — a photographic record of him shaving off all the hair on his body — with a little help from his friends at Beverly Court, thus starting a cycle of growth which ended when the hair grew back to the same length.

Painters Allan Bridge and Karen Gulmon both work in a formalist tradition with color relationships their primary concern.

Gay Glading's shaped canvases and color drawings scintillate with layers of subtle washes on which she superimposes clusters of bright pigments in small strokes. Her smaller canvas, "I Remember a Pyramid," was, I think, the most delightful.

Angelo Hodick paints a razor blade — not realistically, but floating and changing in a color field. I think his smaller paintings on paper were more successful than the large paintings shown because their iridescent surfaces were more interestingly painted and more tightly controlled.

On the whole, it's a confident show, offering diversity, but also unity and a promise of more good things to come.

JERRALD BALANCE

Sculpture House

Article and Photo by JOHN WALDRON

It is an erroneous occurrence that when the subject of contemporary artists in the metropolitan area is brought up, only the names of the color school artists such as Gene Davis or Sam Gilliam are mentioned. This is due primarily to the excessive news coverage and museum exposure that this diminutive group of artists receive. However, putting everything into proper perspective, there is another side to this contemporary art scene. It consists of the struggling, unknown, and experimental artists who will eventually replace the color school in status, publicity, exposure, and all that goes with gaining professional and public recognition.

Indicative of this "unknown" group is Jerrald Balance, painter and sculptor. Having had a migrant childhood, traveling from Alaska to Utah and later working in such fields as Assistant Professor in English to VISTA volunteer, he now draws his inspirations and themes, for his abstract paintings, from his travels and experiences.

Bonnie, Jerry's wife, is also a driving force in his creativity. It was Bonnie who brought him a set of oils and encouraged him to paint. Jerry, completely self-taught, began painting, using fairly traditional techniques with oils on canvas, but within a year he outgrew the pure two-dimensional surface with all of its limitations. It was during this phase in Jerry's artistic development that he expanded on his concept that painting and sculpture should merge in order to develop. In his search for a medium to combine the two arts, he first developed his technique of painting on flexible transparent vinyl, often using as many as five to ten layers. His paintings were reminiscent of the abstract expressionism of the 1950's but the works contain a super-slick surface which, due to minor reflections, added a depth that was symbolic of all his works.

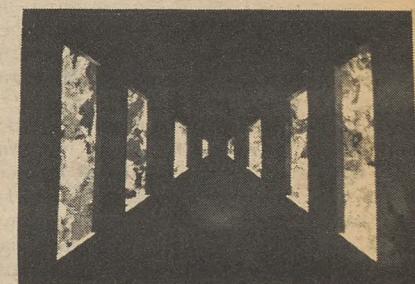
After working with vinyls for about two years, he moved to clear plexiglass and began to introduce hard-edge lines with his soft, fluid colors. Once he had discovered the hard-edge, it was only a brief time before he started working in minimal form in his paintings. He began progressing through a half dozen various themes, exploring the different possibilities of his new concept — minimal painting with distinct form. After several months of constant painting, he developed a series of relatively large paintings (4' X 6', 4' X 8', and 8' X 12') consisting of hard-edge minimal forms suspended in large black negative spaces. The works are conceived in such a way as to develop the negative space into positive black areas.

Things began falling in place and Jerry turned to black plexiglass sculpture. He created large three-dimensional black minimal

pieces with a few of the surfaces painted in his older abstract expressionistic style. His sculpture, though sophisticated and polished, is still in the beginning stages, but Jerry is very fortunate to be sharing a studio in Rockville with Nancy Frankel, Jerry Parsons, Todd Pendleton, and Lynn Pruitt. He is developing his basic concepts of sculpture through his association with his studio partners.

With Jerry's talent and philosophy towards art and his determination and obsession to develop his talents, I feel he will certainly not remain unknown for long.

Jerry Balance not only shows his talents, but artistic courage by aggressively developing every new idea which confronts him. He feels that an artist has a personal responsibility to develop his talent to the first degree even if it means producing unsaleable or unappreciated works of art. It is for these reasons I encourage you to see his shows whenever possible. You will readily see the talent and the growth in every new painting and sculpture. Whether his art fits your idea and opinions and taste or not, you must admit it is professionally, sincerely, and honestly executed.



Jerry Balance's works can be seen at the Sculpture House, Howard Ave., Kensington, Md. He will have additional works at that gallery in a new show starting February 11. This show is a group showing of the Rockville 5.

He will also be having a show — one man, this time — at the Emerson Gallery in McLean, Va., starting April 3.

The Discovered Man

By STEPHEN KEPPEL

Mr. Tal lay awake in bed. He was listening to the flies. In the night, warmth had blown in from the South, and flies had spawned mysteriously on the single small window of the room.

On the pillow near his sagging mouth was a dark patch where his saliva had slowly drooled in his sleep. His throat now crawled with thirst. It was impossible to swallow. But before he should stumble to the bathroom to rinse away the sticky glue in his mouth, he would play his Game of God. Mr. Tal would listen to the buzzing, and estimate the number of flies that gamboled behind the green curtain. If he was correct, to within two flies they would live at least until the next morning when he would again play the game. If he was wrong, if he lost, the flies, too, would lose.

The awful, itchy song of flies. Buzz. One fly, thought Mr. Tal. Buzz! A stronger vibration of cellophane wings — two flies. Bzzipp! Definitely number three...

"Ten flies," said Mr. Tal finally, getting out of bed. "There are ten flies at my window."

Through the jungle twilight we went to the window and pulled the string that drew open the faded curtain-rags. The blinding day shrank his pupils. Mr. Tal squinted through the white sunlight and counted the flies that moved on the windowpane. There were thirteen by his count — it was hard to tell, the way they flew, around. The thought that there might be perhaps twelve flies — making the spread — never crossed his mind. He loved this game because it was a fun game to lose, and he always lost.

He had visited the desk and withdrawn from the drawer of death the evil cannister. Now the red can of bug-killer regarded the crawling window from his sweating palm. He looked down at the lot that opened between the tenements across the street. Blisters of grey city-earth showed in places where the snow had melted entirely.

"Die, you thirteen flies! Die, you little motorcycles!"

From the nozzle leapt forth clouds of gasoline-smelling poison. The flies went wild and made frantic dives, wailing with their wings. The relentless nozzle drove them to the wooden tiles of the floor where at last they lay wetly black and tarsus-twitting in a Hitler-esque orgy of death.

The coughing Tal made for the bathroom and the sweet catharsis of its water.

"Herbert" came a voice weakly. "Please don't do that any more. It's so bad for the lungs."

Mr. Tal glanced at his wife who lay pink and blinking on the other bed. He thought, what does she care about lungs? Can it be possible that she has grown fatter in the foodless night?

Mr. Tal had left behind the dreary apartment. In memory, how dark it was! Always dark! Like a cave or a hole in the ground. Were it lit with the fire of a thousand candles, it would still have been dark.

But Saturday morning in the city! Bright, bright! Busy and happy! "Nine Shopping Days 'Til Christmas!" announced the signs urgently. The streets effulged their decorative charm of silver tinsel and bright globular ornaments. Colored bells hung from the streetlights down the center of the major avenues, and tinkled with the wind. Every square had its own giant Christmas tree.

Thousands of people hurried down the broad sidewalks, scraping their heels in their haste. They toted Christmas shopping bags full of happiness, happiness for the manufacturer, the retailer, the giver, the receiver.

Rising from the droves of people clotting the sidewalks and the bubbles of cars jamming the streets were the glittering department stores, those paragons of modern commercialism. Each one a beehive filled with insect-people, flooding the levels, infesting every honeycomb, desperate to fulfill the demands of their mad collective instinct to buy, buy, buy!

Mr. Tal shuffled on the left sidewalk (facing James Square) of 4th Avenue. He saw the bigness through his faded eyes, and felt small. His hair blew gray; the bells laughed red overhead. It was getting colder. He hoped the snow would come again. It made things better, it softened the harsh angles. But more likely, it would be rain; the blandness, the hunger, of rain.

Mannikins smiled at him from behind the huge display windows. He wondered what the dolls were made of. Plaster? Plastic? He looked at the pink "flesh" of the gesturing arms and knew that he would never know. Fake women were as unattainable to him as were real women.

There were many other smiles, but none for Mr. Tal. Clerks smiled at customers. Little groups of people walked smiling (even laugh-

ing) as they talked. The blind man smiled at kind ones who threw money into his voluminous hat. (Mr. Tal could not spare any even for a smile.)

"I will be happy!" said Mr. Tal. "Today, happy!"

He had put on his best suit that morning. No one could know what sort of old man he really was, from what dregs he really came. He could fit in quite easily with the happy people.

He bought a newspaper at a corner newsstand and took a short-cut through the alleys to the Hombart Cafe. Here the prices were such that his social security could cope with them. He sat at the shiny counter in a narrow space between two enormous business-looking men. It would be a while before he could place his order for breakfast.

In the lower left-hand corner of the newspaper was a story on the "population crisis." It featured a debate between a Catholic priest and a "noted demographer" that had been held the night before on television.

The major thesis of the demographer was that by the year 2050 the population of the world would be nearly thirty billion and that if we did not starve by then we would at least go mad like the crowded rats did in his experiments. The priest denounced this shrilly, as "poppycock," and claimed that people were in fact not rats and that he thought the world could quite comfortably support a population of several trillion.

"I don't care. I'll be dead," said Mr. Tal.

The two fat businessmen wheezed a bit because they had heard this, and leaned closer to their Wall Street Journals and their asphalt-colored coffee.

"Your order sir!" The tense face of a waitress was near his. The lips moved fast. He noticed that she was nearly pretty except for acne scars. Her hair was a dazzling blonde (dyed, he thought); her eyes were cruel and green.

She was about to repeat her question when he said, "Two chocolate donuts and a small glass of milk, please."

Mr. Tal pushed through the revolving door. Immediately he was confronted with a line of people. At the front of the line was a blue cash-register which was being operated by a young man. Mr. Tal took his place at the end of the inevitable line, behind a teenager who had a revolting red neck.

Several people turned to inspect the new arrival. Mr. Tal saw that their faces were young. And he was so old, so ugly, so absurd-looking in his pin-striped suit. Perhaps he thought, I am making a mistake. But as a child he had ice-skated, and on this happy day he wanted to try again.

The line moved swiftly. Now it was Mr. Tal that stood before the cash-register; the old man blocking the progress of the young-and-easy watching casually from behind.

"Member or non-member?" asked the fresh face of the clerk.

"Non-member, non-member."

"D'you need to rent skates?"

"Yes."

"A dollar and a quartah, then," he said. What was that emotion Mr. Tal detected in his eyes? Always those looks, he got. He was tired of those looks.

He fumbled in his seat pocket for the wallet. The other pocket, then. The kids were leaning forward now, smiling a bit, eyes raised in expectation of a scene. Desperately he tried the pockets to his jacket. Nothing. The wallet was gone! His social security money — gone!

The line swung out behind to watch more directly his senile motions.

He showed as little emotion as was possible. They must not know! How they would hate him for it!

He paid quickly in quarters.

Mr. Tal descended the steps into the changing-room. It was very crowded, of course. He had difficulty finding a bare place on which to sit. He almost tripped over a little boy, who cried out. The boy's brother, standing nearby and smoking a cigarette, turned away from the group he was talking with, to give Mr. Tal a dirty look.

Mr. Tal's hands had become slightly arthritic. They shook with the loss of the money. He had trouble doing up the laces. It was so hard to get the ice-skates tight on his feet. The laces kept slipping loose between his swollen knuckles. But at last the skates felt secure. He slid his shoes under the bench and stood up uncertainly.

It has been a long time. He struggled to the double-door that opened to the rink itself. His feet hurt. Walking on the twin blades of steel seemed like walking with his feet chop-

ped off, like walking on the naked tibias.

The pop music screaming from the speakers over the rink was so brash that his first instinct was to cover his ears with his hands. But how silly that would look! The lovely young people with their silken manes and taut skins would point and say, "Look at the old fool, what's he doing in here?"

Ugh, how crowded it was! How crowded would it be if the world had several trillions of people, as the priest in the newspaper had proposed? Would there be room to move at all? Ridiculous! The priest certainly did not go ice-skating.

Mr. Tal stepped onto the ice. Old man, see what you can show them! He took tentative strokes with the dull blades. He kept close to the boards, away from the sweeping traffic. He was slipping forward like a gentle breeze, keeping his balance. He was gliding on ice; he was skating! He theorized, people who have learned to skate never forget.

In time he was skating with the pack, keeping time with the little girls who giggled and reached to touch him. The cold air rushed past smelling of sweat and hiccups, but it was good to inhale it in conjunction with the exercise.

Surely the young people were now pointing and saying, "Look at the old guy go!"

Then Mr. Tal was dashed head-first to the hard ice. A big football boy, wearing his purple letter-jacket to show the world, had come up very fast from behind and blindly struck. There was a splash of blood, so brightly crimson against against the white frozen water. And at last people were pointing, really pointing and shouting, "Look!" "Look!" "Look at the old man!"

A jabbering circle gathered, slowly milling around the fallen body.

"Give him air!" was the common cry. Suddenly everyone was concerned. Suddenly something that had been funny glass had shattered and fallen and become rubies on the ice.

"Is he dead?"

No, but in a few seconds he would be. Mr. Tal lay dying in his rented skates. The discovered old man saw feebly through the ring of huge faces to the misty ceiling. The ice felt very warm and pleasant.

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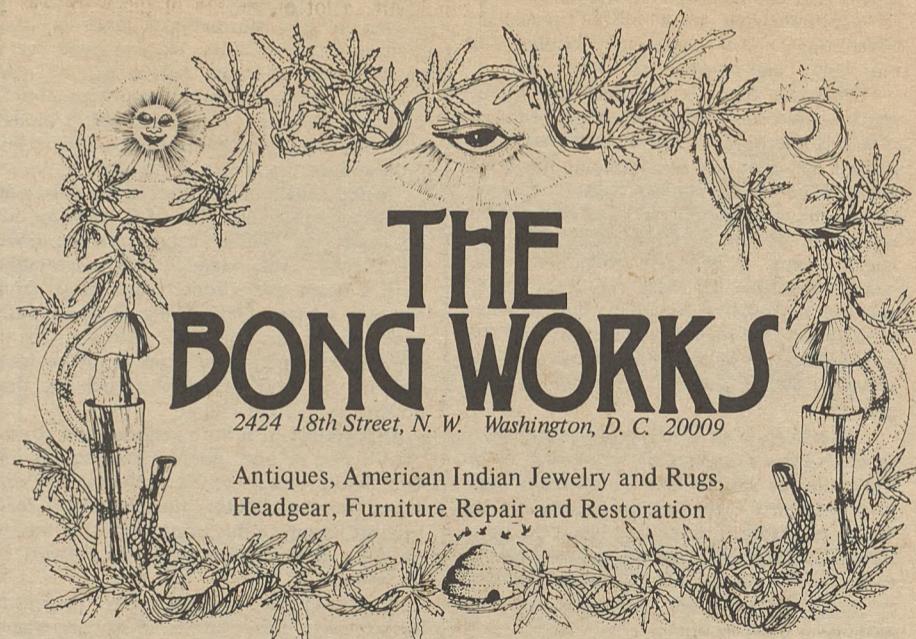
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LONGHAIR

SOUNDS FROM OUT OF TOWN

By Louis C. Fantasia

BOSTON:

Michael Tilson Thomas, the associate conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, recently concluded a pair of "Spectrum" concerts focused on music of Stravinsky, Richard Strauss, Ravel and Satie, all of which was commissioned for the ballet by Serge Diaghilev. The Spectrum series was designed by Tilson Thomas to recruit new audiences by performing either new works, works on a central theme, or some other such premise programmed to get "young" (read: "over 25") audiences into the environs of Symphony Hall.

The orchestra sounded positively radiant in the complete *Daphne and Chloe* ballet. The suites from the ballet had been constructed by Leonard Bernstein just a week previous (Bernstein is at Harvard as the Norton Professor in Poetry, and these concerts constituted part of his "lectures"), but Tilson Thomas got a measure of fire and radiance out of the players that the Maestro from New York seemed to miss.

There are certain critics (Virgil Thompson among them) who claim that Richard Strauss, and not Igor Stravinsky, will have the most lasting effect on the writing for orchestra in the 20th Century. Many of the harmonies, techniques, and forms used by Strauss, when stretched the limits of the Romantic orchestra, could be used to justify such an argument. One of the items which could be used, equally effectively, to negate such an argument is Strauss' "monster-ballet," *The Legend of Joseph*, a superficial piece of movie music if there ever was one, describing every emotion available to Cecil B. DeMille, at his best. A lot of noise (which Thomas seemed to revel in) and a lot of overwritten passages for dancing girls in the Pharaoh's palace, etc; made for a tedious waste of time. Erik Satie was what you might call a weirdo. Right in the midst of Dada and Cubist traditions, he had no compunction over writing ballet scores using the sounds of typewriters, automobiles, sirens, whistles, and "amplified mudpuddles." Collaboration with Jean Cocteau produced the ballet *Parade*, which, I guess, must have caused quite an uproar back then, but seems pretty tame - especially when it's compared to some of the stuff heard in New York: see below.

Tilson Thomas seemed to do his best to alienate an audience, treating them with examples and lectures as if they were a first-year music history class. The program was certainly long enough when you considered the lengths of the ballets involved.

I understand, although I have not seen a performance, that Mr. Tilson Thomas is now doing Bernstein's Young People's concerts. Thomas is an exciting, young American conductor - as was his mentor, L.B. - it would be a tragedy if he allowed himself to get between his audiences and his exciting music, with the dreariness of his lectures.

NEW YORK:

A man who needs no words to communicate with his audience is Bernstein's successor Pierre Boulez, who has brought to the New York orchestra one of the best trained, most creative musical minds at work today... his own.

Boulez opened the concert with a Telemann Suite for flute and orchestra, with Julius Baker as soloist. It was nice. I mean, what else can you say? Parker played all the notes with meticulous intonation, style and phrasing. The orchestra did, too.

Boulez, aided by oboe, piano, three percussion, boy soprano, and soprano Jan Di Catani, then got down to business: George Crumb's Pulitzer Prize-winner masterpiece, *Ancient Voices of Children*, based on the poems of Lorca, which are just frightening to hear. Echoes, chants, whispers, screams, and shepherd tunes go into this theatre piece. It is a theatre piece because the musicians are actors going off stage; encouraging the action as if they were a Greek chorus; returning (as the boy soprano does) to the welcoming arms of his "mother"; singing into the open piano top, etc. All in all, it was one of the most electrifying things I have witnessed.

The second half of the Philharmonic Hall concert began with two Stravinsky chamber pieces, *Tango* and *Renard*. The *Tango* is a rather cerebral abstraction of the dance, given to too many of Stravinsky's self-indulgent moments of breaking up the line or the meter for an inside musical joke.

Renard, a theatre piece done in collaboration with Cocteau and C.F. Ramuz, is for four men and chamber orchestra. It's the story of the fox and the cock found in Aesop: the wily fox, after seducing the cock, gets chased out of the barnyard by the other animals.

The piece was meant to be sung, mimed, danced and played. By just singing it, with the orchestra, a lot of the fun of the work was lost, as well as some of the piece's logic. Tenor Robert Johnson (who appeared at G.U. last year in our production of *The Faerie Queen*) easily had the most presence of voice and acting ability, with Michael Best coming in second. The bass and baritone involved were often covered by the orchestra, a problem more due to Stravinsky's bad voicing than Boulez's conducting.

To close out the program, Boulez brought out all his forces in a rousing rendition of Richard Strauss' *Til Eulenspiegel*. He produced a sound from the full orchestra the likes and depth of which I have never heard before. Listening to it was a purely physical pleasure, something rarely enjoyed in a concert hall, and one which local orchestras would be wise to check into, now and then.

KINDLER MEMORIAL CONCERT

Temple University Concert Choir
at the Pan-American Union

By Susan Cohn

The Kindler Foundation was formed to honor Hans Kindler, the founder of the National Symphony Orchestra, by commissioning works by relatively unknown composers for its annual concerts. This year's concert featured the Temple University Concert Choir singing *Pale is this Good Prince*, an oratorio in memory of Jean Casadesus, by Karl Korte.

The text consists of poems dating primarily from 13th Century B.C. Egypt (with the exception of two older poems) translated into English by Gerald E. Kadish and thereupon made into poetry by Milton Kessler, the narrator for this performance. The poems, based upon immortality and love, are quite modern in their presentation and they seem somewhat at odds with the music Korte wrote to set some of the lyrics. Most of the poems are spoken by the narrator, although

there is an extended section for solo soprano. The choral parts are primarily non-verbal sighs and moans, and the accompanying two pianos and percussion ensemble are allowed some exciting effects. The music is rhythmically exciting and varied in pitch, and the score gets more enjoyable as the piece progresses.

The Choir was excellent, as usual. Before attempting the Korte they gave a wonderful performance of shorter choral works from the Renaissance through pieces by Britten, Ravel, and Reger. It's a treat to hear a choir whose intonation is perfect - in the lengthy "Ave Maria" by Josquin des Pres their pitch did not sag. Only a choir with such talent would be able to give the Korte its best performance possible. Robert Page, the director of the Choir, kept the diverse units of the composition one whole work, and each of the performers put forth an excellent effort. The Choir did a wonderful job and, because of their wonderful performance, the premiere piece sounded quite good. I hope to hear both again soon.

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Subsequently, on May 5th, 1972, the body of Susan Schwartz was discovered in the Potomac River by the Police Department.

If you have any information, please contact the Metropolitan Police Department, 626-2726. Ask for Detective Lamb.

Any information received will be kept confidential if so desired.

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SAMMY

Ya' better run —
Sammy's g'wan ta' getcha:
Ee's got one eye,
Ee's got a wart,
Ee talks funny.
Ya' better run!

Door — stairs — grass — ground
Black pool street
Stop — cross — red — red
Store — store — store
Street — Stop — red — red
Store — store
Steps, steps —
Sammy!
Street—black—run—red
Store—run—Stop—street—run
Stop—street—red—store—street
Ground—grass—stairs—door.

— Betty Wallaston



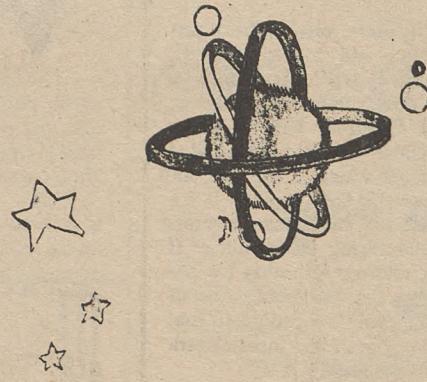
HEAVY INVESTMENTS

I have never once
Found
A ground which
Wouldn't pardon grain
Or a mountain
You couldn't get off
Or a dream
Which wouldn't
Commit to memory
A truth
We couldn't make up
Again
Or big events
Like the sun
Which were good to look into
You say a man
Has once chance
In his lifetime
I say
Which is colder
Ice or snow
Warm our
Indignation
For the journey
Shift burdens
Like a juggler
Leave
Blessing all
Those on your life
Who care.

— Grace Cavalier

POETRY

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Merril Greene



INCURABLE

Like one who has attained
Eighty revolutions
But looks still,
From that eminence,
Out to space,
Or like an amputee
To whom even the loss
Of actual limb
Is less than is
The robbery of possible hope,
My doomed friend
Having run out of planet,
Goes on heedless
Populating the stars.

— W.A. Gardiner

GRACE

With flannel breasts he
Could tuck her as a bear
Or a pillow in his bed,
With flared ears and damp
Spots of nostril he could
Sound and light his way
To the kitchen and the bath-
Room window, by her.

— ada cabinjohn

LET US ODE

let us eat lettuce
& write lettuce poems
& shoot green sperm
at the pale clouded moon
hanging over our midnight garden
on strings of poetry

let us eat moonleaves
glowing on the branches
of a tree poem rooted
to our lips
kissing craters on our faces

let us eat poems
& root the moon
to our mouths
unfold the lettuce poems
with our tongues
& loose ourselves in poetry

— Jim Everhard

LA MADRUGADA

never have i pained a child
into this being by
sheer love

earth struggling flesh
sweats the sun-birth
of child

first shriek of light
is victory for
eyelids gripping

earth collapsed woman
smiling up at child crying,
blood-covered, live...

i feel the mother tremble
under the hold of my hand

never have i teared a joy
into this being by
sheer love

never until dawn

— jesus sollozo

MACHINIST II

my father the musician,
making melodies
on a sears & roebuck guitar

my father the artist,
putting his best
into a perfectly meshing gear

my father the lover
working his ass off
to show he cared

— eugene robert platt

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Saturday, February 10, 8:30 p.m.

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Saturday, February 17, 8:30 p.m.

AMERICA

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WITH STEVE GOODMAN

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LIZ MEYER & SWEET GRASS

TUES. the 6th

JACK BOND & MOTHER SCOTT

WED., the 7th

THE GRASS MENAGERIE

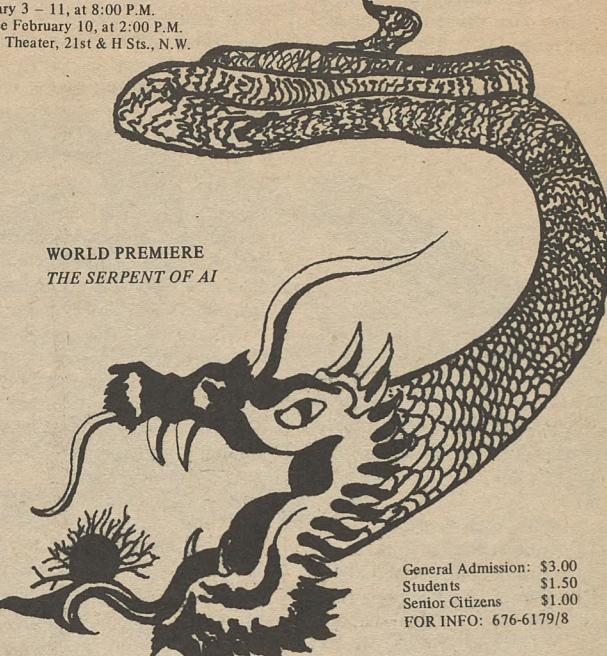
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Is good music dead in Washington?

Almost, and the situation is getting worse for local groups

By WILLIAM HOLLAND

Answer me this: how many local music groups have you gone out to see in the last year?

The answer is probably few. If you have, chances are you went to a club where a Top 40 group was playing, or perhaps a college concert where a local act played first bill. Very few have actually gone out and paid to see a Washington-based group that performs original material — jazz, rock or whatever — because there just aren't that many around — and fewer clubs that feature them.

For several reasons, some of them practical and economic, and some of them having to do with taste, most Washington area clubowners want only bands that can crank out the popular hits — "Brown Sugar," "Superstition" and on and on. Why?

Well, clubowners I've talked with say that they don't book most "original material" groups or performers because Top 40 groups bring in more people, and those people drink and eat more. Strange? Perhaps not. Remember the famous Muzak ad about music "to be listened to, but not heard"? Well, if the crowds can dance to a familiar song, performed by a faceless group, get all sweated up, yak and have a good time, they also . . . drink more.

Some clubowners think that live music — any kind — is counterproductive, and that any distraction, including higher prices and people singing on stage, tempers the thirst a bit. I'm sure many musicians would give endless examples of boorish, drunken exceptions to this theoretical rule, but that's the current feeling.

Musicians of all kinds also have to deal with the stupidity of some club bookers. One man I talked to last month, who books acts for Mr. Henry's in Tenley Circle, said that he didn't even want to hear a new group because one of the musicians once played in a group whose leader had argued with him. If musicians have to deal with this kind of pettiness in a club the level of Mr. Henry's, one can imagine how booker-booker relations are in some of the humbler joints.

In One Ear...



Well, time again to comb the old address book well and let you all know what the travelling fiddler's been up to. It's been a wild and crazy year topped off by 2 conventions, half a dozen nationwide TV appearances and leading a march with Jane Fonda!! So without further ado . . .

UPI sent out a really nice newsphoto that hit lots of papers of me leading a Vets march. Topped off things by fiddling at the McGovern victory party at the Doral and leading a freak swim-in at the Doral pool. After the convention, hung out in Coconut Grove, Miami's Village where I played at the Feedbag and Grove Pub. Then back to D.C. where I set my all-time record for most money panned in one weekend: \$78! Back in Chicago for a week to play a couple of gigs with the Flock and then on to New York for (guess what?) a VACATION! After hanging out with friends up the Hudson about 40 miles for a week, I went to the Beacon Sloop Festival featuring the Clearwater, Pete Seeger and Don McLean. Had some fine jam sessions and played Bye Bye Miss American Pie with Don. On the way to the Galax Virginai Old Time Fiddlers' Convention, I stopped back in D.C. to pick up copies of my latest publicity, an article entitled, "Henry the Fiddler" (what else?) in an arts paper called WOODWIND. Anyone who hasn't gotten a copy can write to me and I'll gladly send you one. On the way to Galax, I got picked up in a taxi with a retired, very drunk Marine Master Sergeant — played fiddle tunes all the way to Galax while he sang along.

Then came the high point of the year — the Republican Convention. Fiddled my ass off at this one! Played two rallies with Len Chandler had dinner with Dr. Spock, led countless marches — one with Jane Fonda back to Flamingo Park from the convention hall after which we had a big square dance. But I stayed away from the gas on coronation night. Ran into such folks as Rennie Davis, Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin, Dave Dellinger, Bill

Needless to say, only a few rock groups and even fewer quiet music performers survive this terrible policy. (Keep remembering that few musicians want to live on the edge of poverty.) Those that do hustle high school and college hops, play free benefits *ad nauseam* to get their name around, and chase the Grail for the Perfect Club.

It's not all the fault of the clubs, though. Lord knows there are hundreds of amateurish, predictable, copy-cat bands around, playing crap. Some of it in vogue, some out of vogue, some of it never to be in vogue.

Then there's a bunch of competent rockers and competent quiet music performers who are just ho-hum. Many of them, and many of the Top 40 groups are "managed" by talent agencies who book their groups by approaching clubowners who wouldn't know the difference between Mr. Bo Jangles and Mr. Bo Diddley. "Nice boys in tuxes?" they all ask.

Well, no use bitching about how tough being a musical artist is. It's tough, but the point is, assuming there is a bunch of good new musicians practicing out there in basements from Anacostia to Fairfax, how are they going to get heard in Washington? Where? Who will go and support them?

Besides Liz Meyer and her wonder bluegrass-rocker boys, Jeff Richardson on fiddle and Danny Gatton on guitar (Roy Buchanan's favorite country picker), and the huff-puff Sky Cobb rock and roll extravaganza, Babe, and a few, few others, the musical landscape in town looks pretty grim. Grim. Grim.

Ah! But I have some suggestions, too. Two off-hand, possible ways to end this dilemma, or at least to stem it a bit:

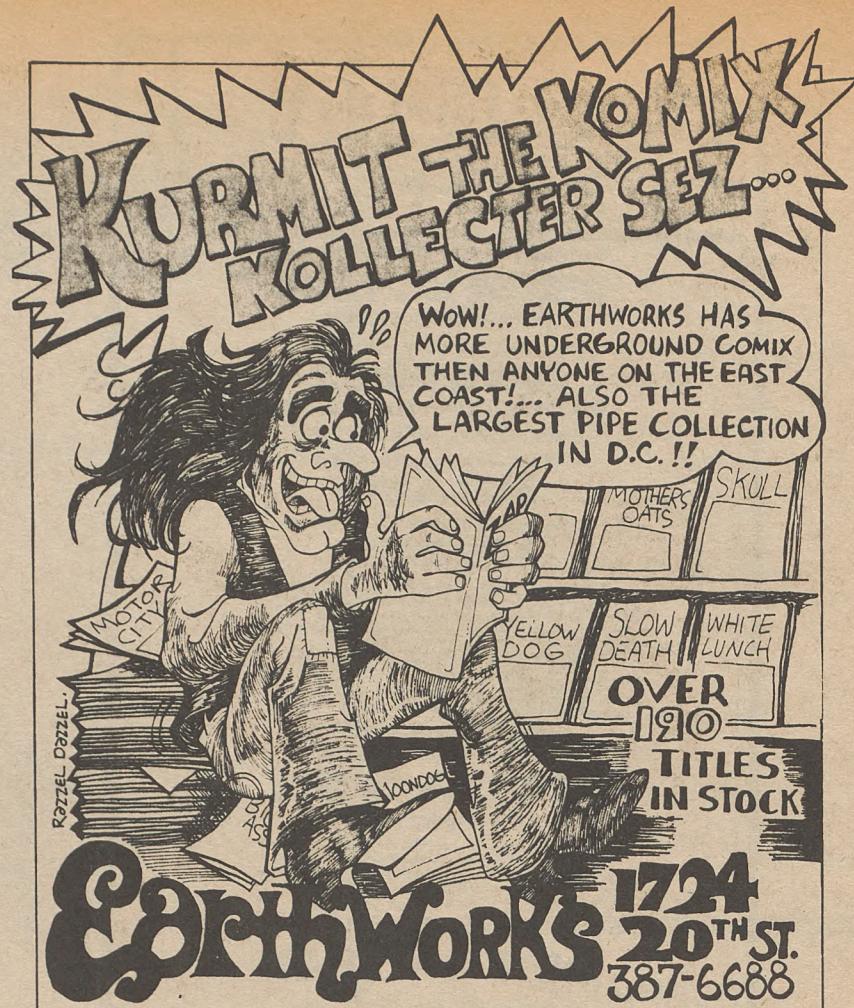
1. Hip your local student activities chairmen, your social club head to the problem. Make him or her think they'll be cultural heroes and smart cookies to boot by seeking out creative local groups instead of Stones look-alikes or whatever.
2. If you have a favorite club, and you know the owner or manager, hip him to a good group. Tell your friends to do the same. Why not have audition nights where the focus is on ability to create new music, new styles, instead of copying?

Kunstler, Bobby Seale, Alan Ginsberg and Zippie A.J. Weberman. Had my share of publicity — some crazy Russian did a thing on me on p. 231 of the November ESQUIRE. AP sent out a wirephoto and caption that hit all the papers but it was really bad.

On to Nashville and a visit to the Steven Gaskin Farm — a land commune at Somersett, Tenn. Then a rich Rabbi Lipskar flew me back to Miami to fiddle at a dinner for his congregation and flew me back to Chicago and so ended my first nationwide tour — my first year of travels.

On September 23d I was off again. Played with Bob Gibson at the Red Herring in Urbana, Ill. Then on to Columbia, Mo. to play at the Paquin St. Cafe and visit a farm commune in Fulton, Mo. Attended the Walnut Valley Bluegrass Festival in Winfield, KS with Doc Watson, Byron Burline, Lester Flatts and Norman Blake. Then on to Denver, Boulder and Santa Fe where I played with Billy Faier, then headed for LA. Played at a Songwriters' Workshop at Capitol Records and again fiddled on Venice Beach where I again bumped into Rennie Davis strolling down the boardwalk. Stopped for a day in Malibu and Topanga and played at the Center there. On my trip back to SF, stopped in Isla Vista, Santa Cruz, and Boulder Creek. And finally got home to Project One at the end of October. The Unicorn News Service Collective (an alternative radio network) just moved out here and I've been spending some time with them. We went to Occidental for a weekend and stayed at a farm called Mountain Wolf.

Currently, I plan to split again on Jan 1st for LA, San Diego, Arizona, Dallas, New Orleans (Mardi Gras) and Miami. From there it may be up the coast, back West or off to Europe, as the fiddler keeps on truckin'! Unfortunately, I'm afraid my addresses for some of you are not up to date and I hope you will all write and let me know where you're at these days and what you've been up to. You can write me at my parents' place: Henry Tarrson, 613 Michigan, Evanston, IL 60202 or you can call there (312) 328-5637 or 491 1641 and they will let you know where I'm at.



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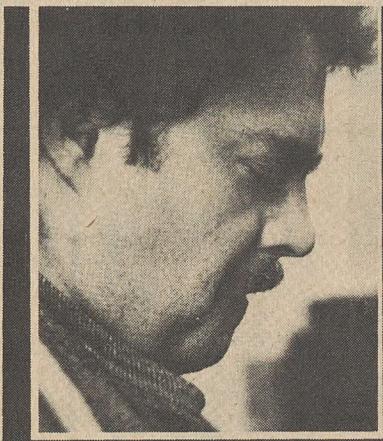
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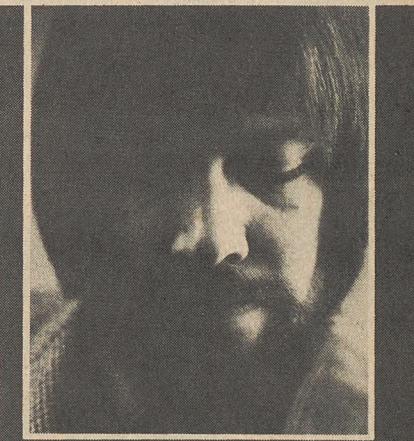
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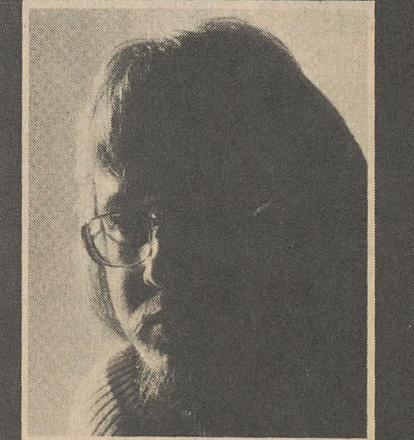
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CALENDAR OF DELIGHTS

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 31

MUSIC

Baltimore Symphony Women's Chorus; Lyric Theatre; 8:30; (301) 727-7300
Liz Meyer & Friends; Childe Harolde; 9pm-2am; 483-7602
Jimmy Smith w/ Stephen Ferguson; Cellar Door 337-3389

FILMS

My Night at Maud's & La Collectionneuse; Circle; 337-4470
My Uncle Antoine & Days and Nights in the Forest; Outer Circle; 244-3116
King of Hearts; GWU; 7 & 9:30; \$5; 676-NEWS
Search for the Goddess of Love (Aphrodite); Baird Aud.; Nat'l History Bldg. (Smithsonian); 12:30pm; Free
A History of the Avant Garde & Pop Cartoons; Biograph 333-2696
Beatle Films; Inner Circle; 337-4470

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 1

BIRTHDAYS

Don Everly, Dion, Ray Sawyer (Dr. Hook)

MUSIC

Balto. Symphony Women's Chorus (See Jan. 31)
Buddy Rich & Band; Walt Whitman H.S.; Bethesda; 8 pm \$3.50; 320-5900
Liz Meyer & Friends (see Jan. 31)
Jimmy Smith w/Stephen Ferguson (See Jan. 31)

FILMS

Louis Malle's Phantom India, Parts I-IV; Outer Circle 244-3116
Citizen Kane & The Conformist; Biograph; 333-2696
Beatle Films (see Jan. 31)

EVENTS

Women's Festival organizational meeting (see In Your Own Back Yard, inside!)
Lecture — Phil Beard; GWU Student Center, 3rd floor; 8 pm; 676-NEWS

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 2

BIRTHDAYS

Stan Getz, Jasha Heifetz, Graham Nash

MUSIC

Czech Symphony Orchestra, JFK; 8:30; 393-4433
Opera — Mozart's Cosi fan tutte; JFK; 8; 296-8660
Meg Christian; Mr. Henry's at Washington Circle; 10:30-2:30am; 337-0222
Liz Meyer & Friends 9pm-3am (\$1, cover) (See Jan. 31)
French String Trio; Coolidge Aud., Library of Congress; 8:30pm, 393-4463
Jimmy Smith w/ Stehen Ferguson (see Jan. 31)

FILMS

Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion & The Pizza Triangle; Circle; 337-4470
The Music Box & Eva; Queen Anne Fine Arts Aud., Pr. Geo.'s Comm. Coll. 8pm; 336-6000X397
Louis Malle's Phantom India, Pts. I-IV (see Feb. 1)
Bananas; GWU (see Jan. 31); 676-NEWS
Citizen Kane & The Conformist (see Feb. 1)

EVENTS

Marcel Marceau; Towson State College; 8:30; (301) (301) 823-1211

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3

BIRTHDAYS

Mike Schreiman, Mendelsohn, David Davies (Kinks), DIED: the Big Bopper, Richie Valens, Buddy Holly. Dennis Edwards (Tempt's) Maxine Andrews, Melanie

MUSIC

Modern Jazz Quartet; Lyric Theatre Balto. (301) 727-7300
Beverly Sills; JFK; 8:30; 393-4433
Music from Marlboro — Mozart, Busoni & Ravel; Museum of Nat'l Hist. Aud. 5:30; 381-5395
Traffic; Balto. Civ. Ctr. \$4.50-\$6.50; 8pm
Richie Havens & Gabriel Kaplan; DAR Const. Hall; 8:30; \$4.50-\$6.50; 338-5992
Meg Christian (see Feb. 2)
Jimmy Smith w/ Stephen Ferguson (see Jan. 31)
Liz Meyer & Friends (see Jan. 31)
Greasy Run Toad Trompers — string band & square dance; Grace Church; 8:30-12midnight

FILMS

Animal Farm & Mein Kampf; Queen Anne's Aud.; Pr. Geo's Comm. Coll.; 8 pm \$1; (301) 336-6000
Malle's Phantom India (see Feb. 1)
Citizen Kane & The Conformist (see Feb. 1)

EVENTS

African Dance Society of New Ark, Gallaudet Coll. Aud.; 7th & Florida N.W.; 8pm

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 4

BIRTHDAYS

Richard Harrington, John Steele (Animals), Florence LaRue (5th Dimension), Jerry Shirley (Humble Pie).

MUSIC

Ian & Sylvia and Steve Goodman; JFK; 8:30; \$4-\$6; 254-3600
Randall Mullin, organist — Cathedral Concert Series; 5200 N. Charles St., Balto.; 5:30 (301) 433-8800
Cuarteto de Guitarras Zarate; Lisner Aud., GWU; 7:30 393-4433
Opera — Mozart's Cosi Fan Tutte (see Feb. 2)
Hootenanny; Cellar Door; broadcast live over WGTB-FM 90.1
Cincinnati Symphony; JFK; 3pm; 393-4433

FILMS

Malle's Phantom India, Pts. V-VII; Outer Circle; 244-3116
Citizen Kane & The Conformist (see Feb. 1)

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 5

BIRTHDAYS

Al Kooper, Cory Wells (3 Dog Night)

MUSIC

Opera — Stravinsky's The Rake's Progress; JFK; 8pm 296-8600
Alfonso Moreno; Smithsonian, 14th & Const.; 8:30 393-4433
Joy of Cooking; Cellar Door; 337-3389

FILMS

Louis Malle's Phantom India, Pts. V-VII; (see Feb. 4)
Women in Love & Sunday, Bloody Sunday; Biograph; 333-2696

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 6

BIRTHDAYS

Fabian, Haven Gillespie (author of "That Lucky Old Sun")

MUSIC

Opera — Mozart's Cosi Fan Tutte (see Feb. 2)
Joy of Cooking (see Feb. 5)
Ronnie Dove; Stardust; 843-6233
Montgomery Brass Trio; Montgomery Coll., Rockville 8pm, Free

FILMS

Versaille & Chartres Cathedral; Enoch Pratt Free Library; Balto.; 2pm (301) 685-6700
Malle's Phantom India, Pts. 5-7 (see Feb. 4)
The Roundup; Pr. Geo's Comm. Coll., B-114; 2pm (301) 685-
The Roundup; Pr. Geo's Comm. Coll.; B-114; 8pm; Free (301) 336-6000
Women in Love & Sunday Bloody Sunday (see Feb. 5)

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 7

BIRTHDAYS

Jim Greenspoon (3 Dog Night)

MUSIC

Opera — Stravinsky's The Rake's Progress (see Feb. 5)
Joy of Cooking (see Feb. 5)
Phil Flowers; Stardust; 843-6233

FILMS

Queen Christmas; Center Stage, Balto.; 8:30 (301) 685-5020
The Sorrow & The Pity; Outer Circle; 244-3116
Women in Love & Bloody, Bloody Sunday (see Feb. 5)
Cries & Whispers (Bergman); Cerberus; 337-1311

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8

BIRTHDAYS

James "Rebel Without a Cause" Dean, Paul Whitebread (Union Gap), Creed Bratton (Grassroots), Lonnie Johnson, Mary Well's "The One Who Really Loves You" released 1962, Richie "the K" Kagan.

MUSIC

Liz Meyer & Friends, (see Jan. 31)
Joy of Cooking (see Feb. 5)
Arlington Symphony; Kenmore Jr. H.S., 3 pm; Free 558-2161

FILMS

Portugal — 'Round the World Adventure Series, Md. Academy of Science, Lyric Theatre, Balto.; 8:30 pm (301) 685-2370
George Grosy's Interregnum & The Mischief Makers; Jewish Comm. Ctr., Rockville; (301) 881-0100
The Sorrow & The Pity (see Feb. 7)
Jules & Jim & Black Orpheus; Biograph; 333-2696
Cries & Whispers (see Feb. 7)

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 9

BIRTHDAYS

Ernest Tubb, Carole King, Barry Mann, Marcus Mathis (Newbeats)

MUSIC

Seals & Crofts; JFK; 8:30, \$5-\$6; 338-5992
The Byrds & Brewer & Shipley; Georgetown Univ., 8 pm; 965-9650
French Vocal Literature Concert; Peabody Conservatory of music; Balto., 8pm; (301) 837-0600
Opera — Stravinsky's The Rake's Progress (see Feb. 5)
Meg Christian; Mr. Henry's Washington Circle; 10:30-2am; 337-0222
Liz Meyer & Friends (see Feb. 8) \$1 cover
Joy of Cooking (see Feb. 5)

FILMS

Portugal — (see Feb. 8)
Sorrow & the Pity (see Feb. 7)
Jules & Jim and Black Orpheus (see Feb. 8)
Cries & Whispers (see Feb. 7)

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10

BIRTHDAYS

Berthold Brecht, Don Wilson (Ventures), Donovan, Roberta Flack, Nigel Olsson.

MUSIC

Marilyn Horne — soprano; JFK; 8:30; 393-4433
Opera — Mozart's Cosi Fan Tutte [last night] (see Feb. 2)
John Prine & Fat City & Breakfast Again; DAR Const. Hall; 8:30; \$4-\$5; 338-5992
Meg Christian (see Feb. 9)
Liz Meyer & Friends (see Jan. 31)
Joy of Cooking (see Feb. 5)

FILMS

Sorrow & the Pity (see Feb. 7)
The Magus & The Chase; GWU, \$.75 (see Jan. 31)
Jules & Jim and Black Orpheus (see Feb. 8)
Cries & Whispers (see Feb. 7)

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 11

BIRTHDAYS

Gene Vincent, Gerry Goffin, Sergio Mendes, Jeff Thomas, John Mills (Mills Brothers), Ringo Starr marries Maureen Cox, 1965.

MUSIC

Alice Gerstl Duschak, soprano, Cathedral Concert Series (see Feb. 4)
Solisti di Zagreb — chamber orch. JFK; 3pm; 393-4433
Opera — Rakes Progress [last night] (see Feb. 5)
Ragtime Music; Smithsonian, Nat'l Hist. Aud.; 8 pm 381-5395
U.S. Navy String Quartet; Montgomery Coll., Rockville, 3 pm; free

FILMS

Saint of Bleeker St.; College of Notre Dame; 3pm (301) 435-0100
Sorrow & the pity (see Feb. 7)
Jules & Jim and Black Orpheus (see Feb. 8)
Cries & Whispers (see Feb. 7)

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 12

BIRTHDAYS

Gene McDaniels, Raymond Manzarek (Doors), First performance of Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" 1924, Beatles 1st US concert, Carnegie Hall, 1964.

MUSIC

"A Requiem for Those We Love"; JFK, 8:30, 254-3670
Billy Paul, Les McCann, Randy Crawford, DAR Const. Hall, 8 pm; NA8-6798

FILMS

No Exit; Center Stage, Balto.; 8:30 (301) 685-5020
Sorrow & the Pity (see Feb. 7)
The Stranger & Belle du Jour; Biograph 333-2696
Cries & Whispers (see Feb 7)

EVENTS

Reading — Henry Taylor; Folger Theatre, 201 E. Capitol 8 pm; free; 546-2461
Moliere's "Le Medicin Malgre Lui" — en francaise; Lisner Aud., GWU; \$3.75-\$5.75; 393-4433
Mail box rush — Last Day to send those Valentines

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 13

BIRTHDAYS

Peter Tork (Monkees), Tennessee Ernie Ford, Dorothy McGuire, Rebob (Traffic).

MUSIC

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THE LOUDSPEAKERS. The EPI 100 is the perfect speaker for people who enjoy live music. It's 8" highly-damped, long-throw woofer delivers the deepest bass with a crisp accuracy unequalled by any speaker in its price range. Its most unique feature is its 1" acoustic suspension tweeter, which delivers clear, open highs that fill your listening room with sound, making the 100 sound much larger than its compact bookshelf dimensions imply! The EPI 100 is unequalled in its price range in the important criteria of extended frequency response, linearity, and lack of distortion.

THE RECEIVER. The SONY 6045 AM/FM STEREO RECEIVER provides enough power plus some. It delivers into the 8 ohm EPI's more than fifty watts of rms power, over the entire audio range, with less than 0.2% distortion. (RMS is the most demanding and least flashy of the various power-rating systems.)



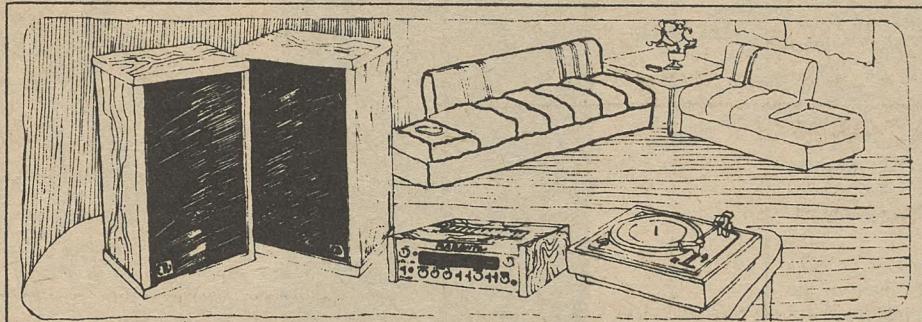
EPI 100 Speakers, Sony 6045 Receiver, BSR 510X Turntable. System list, \$530.

THE FM and AM tuner sections of this Sony receiver are both sensitive and selective: weak stations as well as strong ones will be received with a surprising fullness and clarity.

THE TURNTABLE. We recommend the BSR 510X automatic turntable to be used with this system.

\$450

system 700.



System list, \$820. EPI 150 Speakers, Marantz 2230 Receiver, PE 3015 Turntable.

\$700

THE LOUDSPEAKERS. The EPI MODEL 150 takes all the excellent qualities of the EPI 100 and carries them one step further. Its larger enclosure results in a lower system resonance, and, therefore, an even more powerful rendition of the deepest bass passages. As a finished piece of furniture, the Model 150 is a handsome creation of gleaming brass, rich, solid walnut,

and a dark, warm grill cloth. Its light weight and beautiful symmetry permit its use as a bookshelf speaker. In a vertical position, it also makes an attractive end table with its 24" height.

THE RECEIVER. Marantz has developed an enviable reputation for producing only top quality stereo components. The MARANTZ 2230 AM/FM STEREO RECEIVER has once again proven this reputation to us. The 2230 employs a triple-tuned passive r.f. circuit, feeding low-noise field-effect transistors (FET's), which are virtually overload-proof, with strong signals, thus providing excellent sensitivity, selectivity, and low cross-modulation. STEREO REVIEW called the Marantz 2230 "virtually distortionless" and "state of the art" equipment. The 2230 delivers 30/30 rms watts into 8 ohm speakers, full power bandwidth at less than 0.1% distortion.

THE TURNTABLE. The turntable we offer with System 700 is the PE 3015 with a SHURE M 91ED cartridge. Its low resonance and inertia tone arm make it an excellent match for the rest of the system.

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also: *Audio Components, Ltd.*
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In your own backyard

By PAULA MATHEWS



WAFU - GEORGETOWN is now in the process of assembling its Spring 1973 catalogue, and is accepting teaching offers until February 1. Anyone can teach a course in any subject their knowledgeability extends to. If you are interested in sharing your knowledge with others this spring, contact the Free University at 625-4801, or Box 1011, Georgetown University.

IT'S NOT TOO LATE to sign up for the weekend series of "Writers' Workshops" being sponsored by Antioch College. Each series will bring together people of diverse backgrounds and professions whose common interest is writing. The Workshops are broken up into specific fields of writing emphasis which include Fiction: Feb. 23-25; Theater: March 16-18; Poetry: April 6-8; Technical Writing and Journalism: April 27-29 and Children's Literature: May 4-6. Each three-day workshop will be held at Trinity Prep. School, a wooded campus outside of Baltimore and Columbia. Tuition, plus room and board, is \$80 per session. For further information call or write to Writers' Workshops, Antioch College, 535 St. Paul Place, Baltimore, Md. 21202. Phone (301) 752-3656.

LANDSCAPES AND FLOWERS by Veda Reed are on the upcoming agenda at the Mickelson Gallery, 707 G St., N.W. Veda's delicate wisp-like paintings will be exhibited February 5-28.

THREE AREA ORIGINALS make up the playbill of the Playwrights' Theatre of Washington. They are "Miss Harolds to the Dark Tower Came" by Lucy Kennedy, "The Game" by Y. Yorkoff, and "The Return of Capt. D.B. Amatucci" by T.J. Camp III. Performances will be staged thru Feb. 11 at 1724 20th St., N.W. at 8 pm. Reservations can be made at 232-5959.

FOR ADULTS ONLY - 21 and over, a course in the selection, care and appreciation of American and European dinner wines will be taught at the University of Maryland's Center of Adult Education beginning Jan. 30.

The program is divided into four parts which may be taken independently or as an inter-related series. "Evening with Wine," an orientation to practical wine knowledge runs from Jan. 30-March 13; "Finessing Wines and Their Labels," Feb. 5-March 19, and "Fine Wines Evaluated," which is an extension of "Evening with Wines," runs from April 3-May 8. Part IV of the series is a model "Evening Dinner with Fine Wines" to be offered on March 20. Registration for each of the weekly series is \$37.00; the dinner is \$13 per person or \$20 per couple. For more information call (301) 454-4712.

CRAFTY FEMALES TAKE NOTE - of a meeting, Feb. 1, at 9 pm, to be held at the Community Bookshop, concerning plans for an upcoming women's festival. Tentatively scheduled for Feb. 24-March 4, the program will include an arts & crafts show, women's dance, political seminars, folk entertainment plus various workshops. For more information call 833-8228.

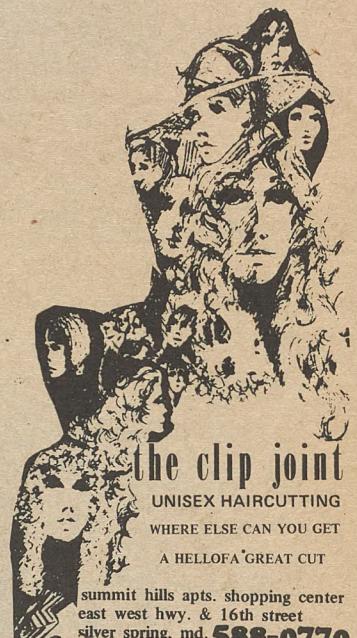
ART BY CHILDREN in Palestinian refugee camps will be exhibited Feb. 10-18 at the Secondup Gallery, 2028 P St., N.W. The drawings are a testimony to the children's feelings about war. Gallery hours are 10-10, weekdays, 10-8 weekends.

STUDENTS & ADULTS are needed as volunteers at Uplift House Community Center, 1502 Q St., N.W. to work with children as tutors and recreational assistants. If this is of interest to you, call 232-2900, or drop by Uplift House.

ART LOVERS might take note of the following commercial gallery exhibits in the area. Being viewed Feb. 1-23 are collages by Dennis Frings at the Galerie Jaclande, 6869 Springfield Blvd, Springfield, Va. Also up for eyeing and buying is an exhibit of paintings, watercolors, graphics, sculptures, ceramics and tapestries by 10 artists at the newly opened Asam Galleries, 3312 Wisconsin Ave., N.W. Being shown thru Feb. 12, the exhibit can be viewed Mon. thru Sat., 9-5:30. Paintings by Alfred McAdams can be seen thru Feb. 10 at the Franz Bader Gallery, 2124 Penn Ave., NW. Pyramid Gallery, 2121 P St., N.W. will be featuring the Drawings and Etchings of Washington artist Robyn Johnson-Ross, starting February 6. This exhibit will run through March 3.



22
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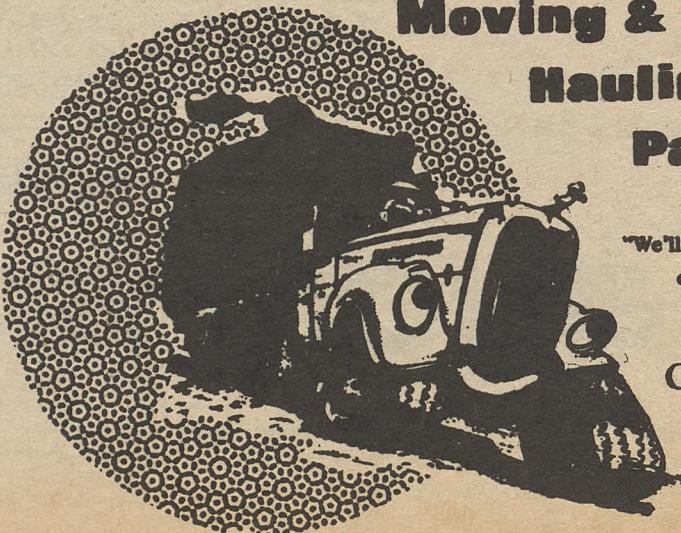


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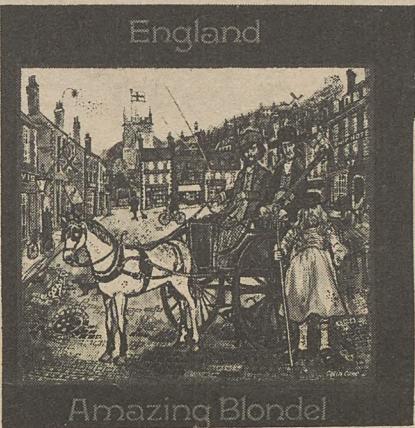
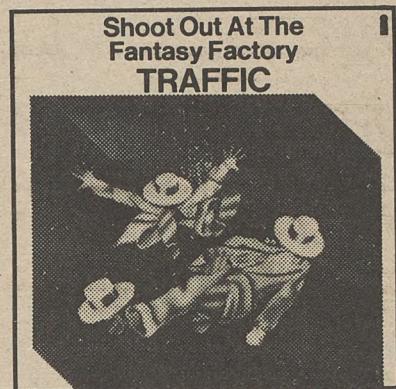
Call Frank at
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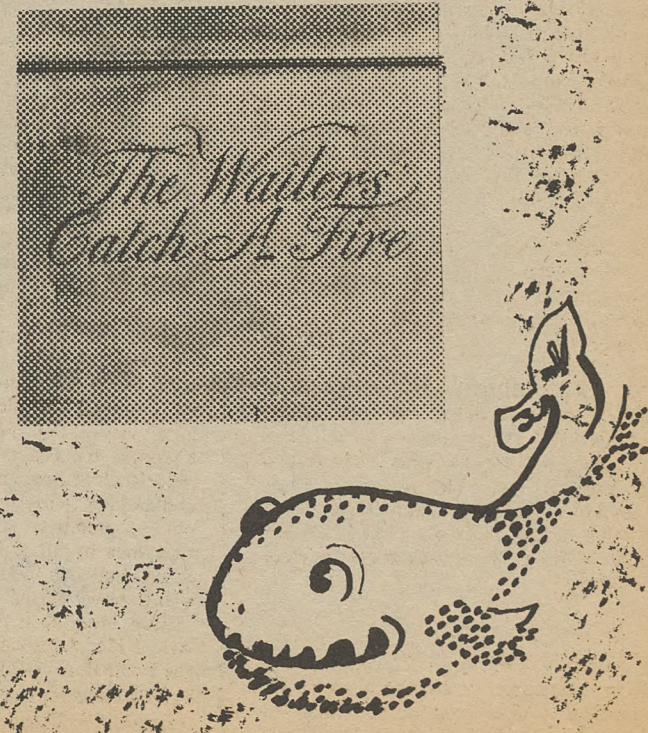
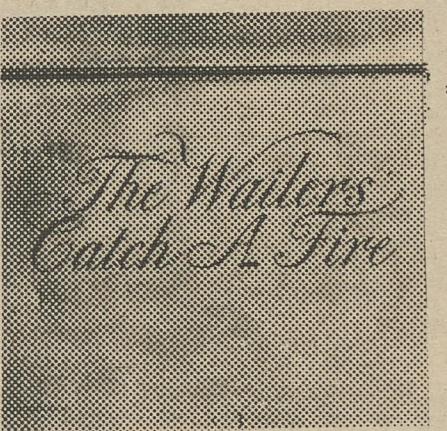
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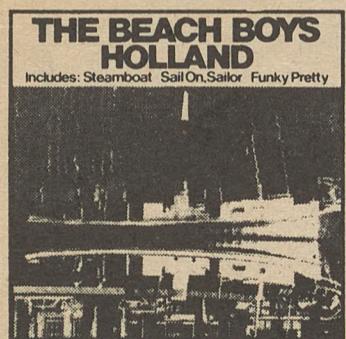


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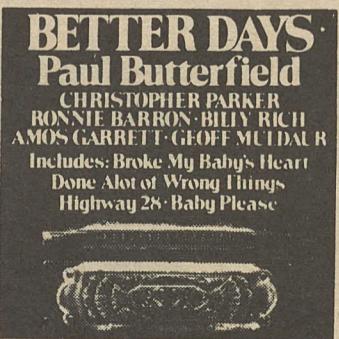
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